Ambassador College
SEP 23 1976
LIBRARY

Carter Talk *John Osborne*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—September 25, 1976, 60 cents

NEWSPAPER
91123
NR ABA7GE300C079 DEC 76 1 01
ANBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CALIF

China Tomorrow
Ross Terrill

Saving Remnant
Robert Coles & Tom Davey

Europe From France
Tad Szulc

South African Abyss
Benjamin Pogrund

MAO TSE-TUNG *on* MEETING GOD
BRUCE COOK *on* JAZZ BOOKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington ®
September 25, 1976

Work to Do

This could be one of the rare times in this century when an election opened the way to major social change. The requirements are three: a President who has a vision of reform; a President and a Congress who can work together (presumably of the same party); and an era when major reforms are indicated. Such a combination happened in the early years of Woodrow Wilson, FDR, and the Jack Kennedy-Lyndon Johnson administration.

One of the conditions could be met if the voters in 1976 end the present stalemated split government in Washington. We have almost forgotten what it is to have a President and Congress of the same party. President Ford boasts of his vetoes—the score was 56 last week. (Nixon vetoed only 43 bills in five-and-a-half years.)

The United States is patient under this stalemate, has almost learned to like it. It would throw any other country into anarchy.

"The institutional structure bequeathed to twentieth century America by the eighteenth century is more complex than that of any other democratic country in the world," writes James L. Sundquist in a new Brookings compendium: *Setting National Priorities: The Next Ten Years.*

Political adaptation to technical change in the United States doesn't flow in an orderly stream; it comes jerkily, in pulses, more often than not depending on the accident of whether President and Congress have rapport.

"For 14 of the past 22 years, the executive and the legislature have confronted one another across not only an institutional but also a partisan political gulf," says Sundquist. What he means is that we had Eisenhower for six of eight years with a Democratic Congress, and Nixon-Ford for eight years with a Democratic Congress and only one interval, 1960-68, with one party responsibility.

It is universally taken for granted here that the new Congress is going to be Democratic: will it continue to function with President Ford who delights in vetoing its proposals and who has taken virtually no domestic initiative of his own, or will it be working with a President of its own party? In short, will it give Jimmy Carter an opportunity to change things if he can and wants to?

Rival Presidents and Congress can cooperate, of course: Truman fashioned the Marshall Plan with the hated Republican 80th Congress but that was in time of crisis; Ike got on well enough with three Democratic Congresses largely because he didn't want to do anything anyway and because the nation was catching its breath after the war. But things generally are more complicated. There have been glorious spurts of reform and modernization; what is extraordinary is how brief the intervals are.

Woodrow Wilson caught up with a generation of lethargy; his first term enacted the Federal Reserve System, the revolutionary Underwood Tariff, regulation of big business (Clayton Antitrust, Federal Trade Commission, banking laws); he got an eight-hour day on railways, excluded child labor products from interstate commerce, poured out federal aid to highways, put farm agents in every rural county, overrode states rights and directed millions to vocational and agricultural education. It was a bracing period of social catch-up before World War I.

Roosevelt's New Deal, of course, was the second episode. Most of it came in a great leap. The country was in terrible shape and ready for change. Poor Hoover was making statements in 1932 that sound very much like those today.

"This campaign is more than a contest between two men," Hoover said in his windup campaign speech. "It is more than a contest between parties. It is a contest between two philosophies of government. . . . You cannot extend the mastery of government over the daily life of a people without somewhere making it master of people's souls and thoughts."

How similar that is to Mr. Ford's favorite (and irrefutable) warning that a government strong enough to give a nation everything it wants is strong enough to take away everything it has! No one can deny it. It is Mr. Ford's protest at being jolted ahead too fast.

The second great legislative spurt in this century was the New Deal. In a kind of conclusive burst it gave the country TVA (Hoover had vetoed the Muscle Shoals bill); the Social Security Act; the National Labor Relations Board (Wagner Act); legislation putting federal support under the banks, security markets, the farms, and all the rest. Three things were implicit—the legislation preserved the capitalistic economy; it was inevitable; it followed the American tradition. Many of the new ideas were old stuff in Europe and Canada. FDR helped America overcome an immense legislative lag and was, of course, reviled all the way.

The third big spurt of this century was the Kennedy-Johnson initial period—the Civil Rights Act, Peace Corps, Economic Opportunity Act, floor under poverty, and all the rest. Kennedy was the first to use a budget deficit purposely to cure a slump and gave the nation the longest, strongest expansion in modern times. Congress and White House were of the same party. As happens under our strange divided system strewn with its vetoes, (committees, House, Senate and White House) all the circumstances have to be just right for major forward movement, and then it comes spasmodically.

What's the chance of anything like that happening now? One requirement would be, of course, to have a President and Congress of the same party, which means electing Jimmy Carter, which, in this ticket-splitting era, is by no means certain despite the polls.

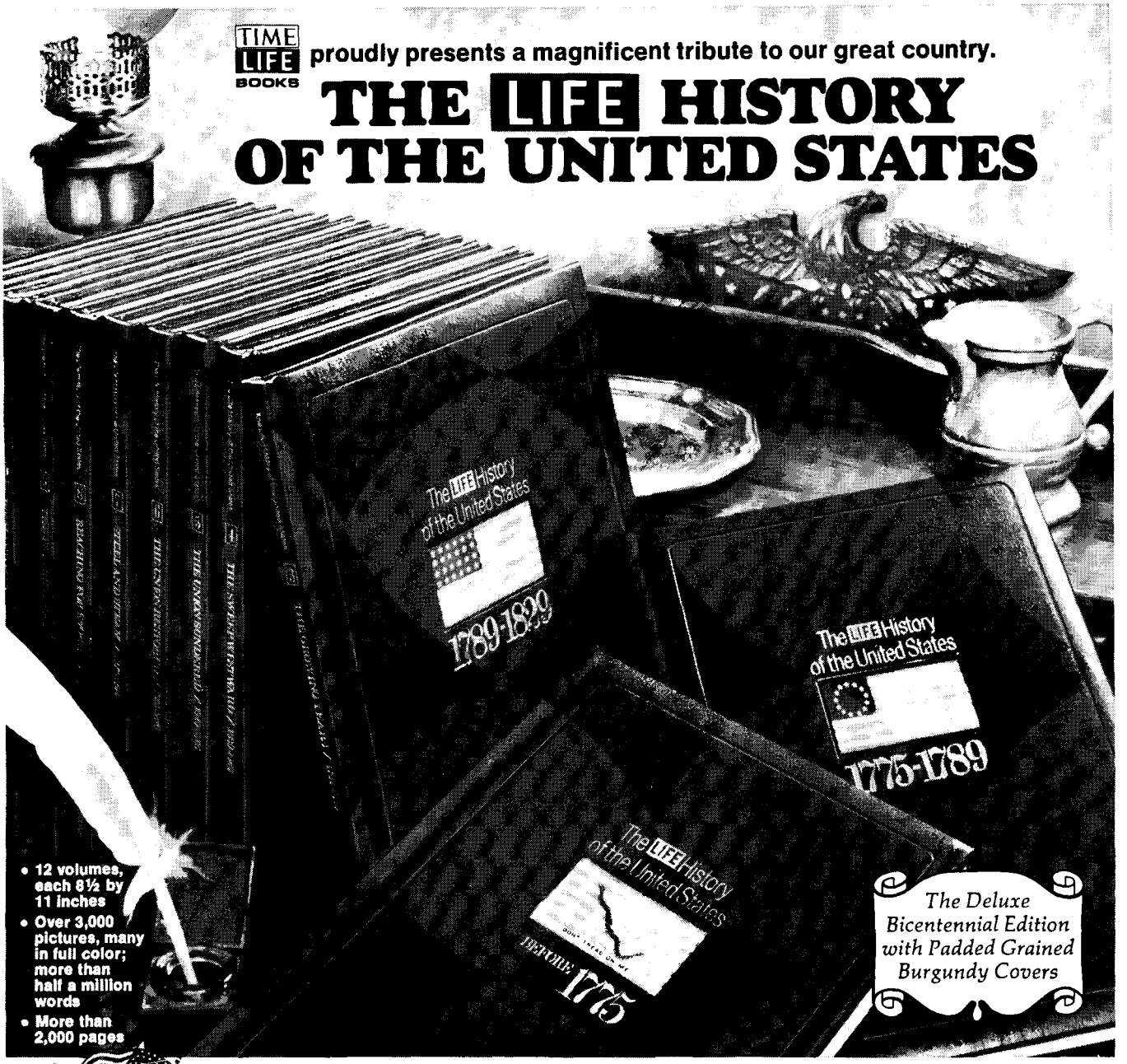
The next question is, are changes needed? The answer is, the times cry for them! Welfare is a holy mess; the tax system aches for reform; every other country has governmental registration of voters (the lack of which is one reason for the disgracefully low American voter turnout); cities are going downhill; hand gun registration shouts for enactment; the growing poverty gap is alarming; 40 percent teenage black unemployment in the ghettoes means trouble. . . . You fill out the list.

There's one other point. In that rare concatenation of political circumstances, a new President, work to be done, a united government—could Jimmy Carter do it? I don't know. Like you, I'll be watching the debate this week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TIME LIFE BOOKS proudly presents a magnificent tribute to our great country.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES


The LIFE History of the United States
1789-1899
The LIFE History of the United States
1775-1789
The LIFE History of the United States
BEFORE 1775

- 12 volumes, each 8½ by 11 inches
- Over 3,000 pictures, many in full color; more than half a million words
- More than 2,000 pages

The Deluxe Bicentennial Edition with Padded Grained Burgundy Covers

America *is* a great country! There is so much of which we can be proud... the intrepid venture into a new continent... the valiant struggle for independence... our continuing fight to stay free! Now, for our Bicentennial, TIME-LIFE BOOKS pays tribute to our noble heritage by portraying the whole American story. Not as a recital of names, dates, battles, treaties. But as the intensely human story of people... pilgrims, trappers, gunfighters, homesteaders, immigrants... men and women whose unswerving commitment to freedom and democracy truly made our nation "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The Life History of the United States uses the picture-story techniques for which TIME-LIFE BOOKS are famous. Fascinating facts and anecdotes that bring the story of America to vivid life. You'll meet such people as:

- **John Hancock,** signing the Declaration of Independence in letters large enough "for the English to read without spectacles."
- **Chief Justice John Marshall,** who defined judicial distinction as "the ability to look a lawyer straight in the eyes for two hours and not hear a damned word he says."
- **Belva Lockwood,** first woman on a presidential ballot, who called for "domestic insurrection" to win the vote for women.
- **Rough Rider Teddy Roosevelt,** whose only fear while charging up San Juan Hill was that he might lose his glasses (so he carried 12 extra pairs).

In order to do justice to America's grand past, the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS searched museums, libraries, archives and private collections for some 3,000 photographs, woodcuts and paintings, many in full color, which would best recreate the feel of the past.

Examine volume 1 free for 10 days.

The result is a rich, colorful library which belongs in the home of every American family who cares about our heritage as our nation nears its 200th birthday. See card or coupon for details—then mail to examine Volume 1 free for 10 days.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS
Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Yes, please send me Vol. 1 of the Deluxe Bicentennial Edition of THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, for a 10-day free examination and enter my subscription to the series. If I decide to keep Vol. 1, I will pay $7.95 plus shipping and handling. Future volumes in the series will be shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is $7.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy. I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I don't keep Vol. 1, I will return it in 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation. **BDA190**

Print Name _____

Address _____ *Apt. #* _____

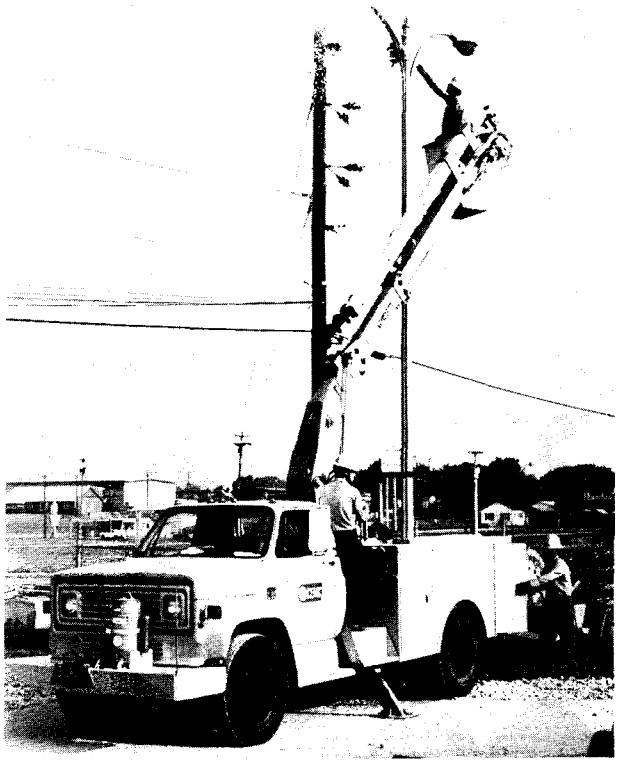
City _____

State (or Prov.) _____

Zip (or Code) _____

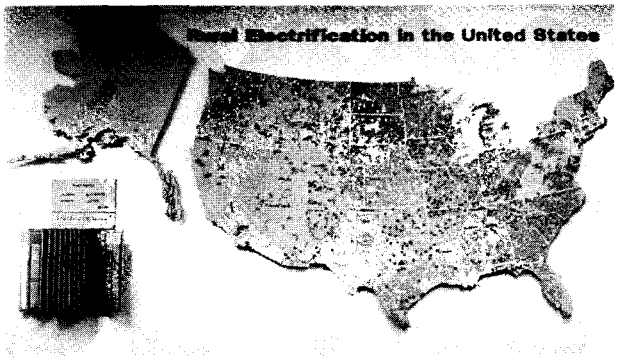
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If we don't deal now with the energy problem in its entirety, we may soon be facing an even bigger problem–how to sustain our economy and our social structures when there's not enough energy to go around.

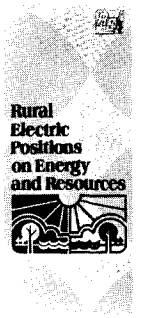


Cumberland Electric Membership Corporation is a rural electric cooperative which provides light and power for more than 37,000 farms, homes, businesses and industries in a five-county area of middle Tennessee. Cumberland averages 8.3 meters per mile of line; the national average for rural electric systems is four.

John R. Dolinger, manager of Cumberland EMC, Clarksville, Tenn., is president of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, through which America's rural electric systems formulate and espouse policies on national issues.



Nationwide, some 1000 consumer-owned, nonprofit rural electric cooperatives and public power districts serve 25 million consumers in 46 of the 50 states. They own and maintain nearly two million miles of line—42% of the nation's total.



Annually, delegates from each of the nation's rural electric systems meet to formulate policy. For a statement of their positions on energy, write to "Energy Policy", NRECA, 2000 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

We've said it before; we're saying it again. The longer we delay development of a comprehensive national program to ensure adequate energy for the future, the more unmanageable the problem becomes.

The problem is multi-faceted, highly complicated. The answers aren't all that easy to come by. But in every critical situation, there's a point where debate must give way to decision—and action. With energy, we think that point has been reached.

In the weeks ahead, we're going to be speaking out on some of the tough decisions that must be made . . . pushing for commonsense, people-oriented approaches.

It is our responsibility to do so, as meaningfully and forcefully as we can.

America's rural electric systems

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 175, No. 13, Issue 3220, September 25, 1976. (The first three numbers of Volume 175 were inadvertently omitted.) Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 10, August 14, August 28) and distributed by* The New Republic, Inc., *1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 60¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1976 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g.* *Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

7 Comment
Hovering Presence
9 Crisis Time For France
—*Tad Szulc*
11 South African Abyss
—*Benjamin Pogrund*
15 White House Watch: Carter Talk
—*John Osborne*
20 Tennessee's Saving Remnant
—*Robert Coles & Tom Davey*
24 China Without Mao—*Ross Terrill*
29 Going to See God—*An Interview with Mao by Edgar Snow*
32 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
33 The Whiteman Revival
—*William Youngren*
35 Books—Reviews by *Bruce Cook, Henry Fairlie, Irving Malin, Jerome Klinkowitz, Clarence Brown*
43 Correspondence

The Staff

Editor—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
Associate Editor—Eliot Marshall
'76 Politics Editor—Ken Bode
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Cherryl Holt
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer
Production Manager—Elise D. Ritter
Assistant Production Manager—Philip Terzian
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Secretary/Accounting Clerk—Carolyn Carpenter
Bookkeeper—Rhonda Davis
Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave
Advertising—Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Editorial Assistants—Michael Douglas, Paul A. Barnett
Leadership Network Advertising—Robert F.Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 532-2500

Hovering Presence

It isn't Eugene McCarthy's habit to offer his admirers easy choices. And this year, he's making things harder than ever. We do not, for example, share his casually stated but deeply felt belief that defeating Gerald Ford is scarcely more worthwhile than defeating Jimmy Carter. McCarthy's third (and least promising) try for the presidency is predicated on the assumption that there isn't much distance on issues between the two major party candidates. It's not McCarthy's way of saying things but it's still Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

We think the contest involves something more than what Freud called the narcissism of small differences. Politics is the defense and pursuit of interests. *The New York Times* a while back reported that, in a poll of corporation and bank executives, 150 supported Ford and 18 opted for Carter. Such a lopsided tally says something about expectations on taxes, jobs, health care, other social services, the general balance of the economy, and prospects for private gain. The rich are much too meticulous and rational in fertilizing their assets to endorse one candidate when the other would do as well. Businessmen expect to do better by Ford and that is the bottom line case for the Democrats and Carter. Jimmy Carter won't try to build the New Jerusalem, but it's certain the incumbent wouldn't give the idea a second thought. Maybe he thinks Grand Rapids is utopia.

It is possible that in a tight election, McCarthy's votes might be the difference between a Carter victory and a Ford squeak-through. Democratic party chairman Bob Strauss, who is not a worrier, fears that McCarthy, whom he dislikes, might be able to throw the election to the GOP. (Though he wouldn't be so upset if his good friend John Connally were the Republican nominee.) Many other Democrats are mad at McCarthy and none more than those liberals who never tire of pummeling old heroes and who have vowed to be good this year for the sake of winning. In endorsing Carter, Americans for Democratic Action went out of its way to warn its diminishing constituency not to vote for McCarthy. Our colleagues at *The Nation*, addressing their own shrinking but passionate circulation, are still coy about Carter, but deployed a battalion of adjectives against McCarthy—archaic, quixotic, anarchic, demagogic, frivolous; he now fails their test for certification as a liberal, and let history go hang.

Why has the vague Humphrey-Hawkins legislation, which the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democrats have dropped from everything but their election rhetoric, become the sole test of decent intentions toward the unemployed? And is it so clear—to take another issue on which McCarthy rejects the liberal catechism—that the withdrawal of American troops from Europe would be in the interest of world peace? Hasn't the Russo-American stand-off in the two Germanies made a double hostage for stability and been an antidote to Central Europe's historic phobias and nostalgia for old maps?

It's true that some genuine conservatives rather like McCarthy. He respects the frailties of institutions and constitutional restraints that activist liberals are often impatient with because they sometimes inhibit programs. His appeal to conservatives was part of his strength in the Minnesota days; it helped him in 1968; and it might add to his totals this year too. Some Republicans believe he's as likely to detract from their candidate as from Carter. That's what McCarthy himself thinks, though he counts especially on the legions of habitual nonvoters and the newly disaffected to swell his numbers.

The public opinion surveys suggest that November 2 will not be a big day at the polls. Will more people vote than watch "Laverne and Shirley"? Present indications are that the turnout will be less than 50 percent of those eligible, the lowest proportion in half a century. Those who won't vote apparently admire, after FDR, Ike, JFK and a few other predictables, the defrocked Richard Nixon, and they admire him more than they do either the President or the pretender. At first glance the nonvoting populace wouldn't appear to be a pool of enthusiasm for someone so reflective and complex as McCarthy. A more plausible hero is Lester Maddox, coming from "the fever swamp of the berserk right," as William Buckley, who knows the neighborhood well, has put it. But then maybe we underrate the self-disenfranchised: they may understand. The information we have on nonvoters indicates that among them are significant numbers of well-educated, highly motivated people, including some former political activists of diverse persuasions. Educated nonvoters are a devastating commentary on the indifferent fare offered by the parties.

Gallup and Harris project McCarthy getting seven percent in several large electoral vote states. That heartens McCarthy and scares Carter. But McCarthy will not be the next President of the United States. Whatever one's judgment about him and his principles, one ought to be concerned about the way the system impedes to the point of exhaustion any independent challenge to the established parties. Many of the legal obstacles—filing deadlines set as early as a year before the election, arbitrarily large numbers of signatures required on petitions to get on the ballot, unreasonable procedures to certify signatures, and more unreasonable practices that assume in advance a large [illegible]tion to be invalid, rules for nominating conventions more exacting than any that apply to the major parties—represent attempts by state legislatures to cripple the third party efforts of the two Wallaces, Henry in 1948 and George in 1968. But some of the most restrictive provisions were written into law, tailor-made for the Democrats this year. Since they are implemented by public officials who are usually party loyalists, it's easy to see why an independent effort like McCarthy's has to go from district court to district court simply to secure its constitutional rights.

It is not coincidental, as the Marxists like to say, that law and public policy should try to enthrone the two parties and insulate them from challenge at just the moment that the people's affection for them is at its lowest in years. Thus, the Democrats and Republicans come to the government trough for $21 million each to pursue the campaign from the nomination to November, on top of the $24,100,299 already distributed by the Federal Elections Commission to the various pre-convention aspirants, who had to abide by the $1000 maximum from individual contributors. The only comparable or equal treatment accorded the marginal candidates by the campaign financing reform—pushed by Common Cause as expanding democratic access to the political system—has the effect of being discriminatory: they too are limited to $1000 contributions, but without the lush supplement of public funds. Wealthy candidates, in the parties and out, can spend as much as they want on themselves. In financing elections, the First Amendment applies to rich politicians and to no one else.

It's a little risky to take on Common Cause in some circles; the last time we suggested that John Gardner's was not the last word in wisdom we got such an outpouring of abusive mail (much of it in identical prose) and enough cancellations that we were tempted to fear some subscribers were willing to read only what they already thought. It's not the case. We're emboldened to argue that it's not only Mr. Gardner who has succeeded in constricting the political process this year. He and his lobby have been joined in the undertaking by the League of Women Voters. The League is to be congratulated for taking the initiative in organizing the campaign debates; but was it necessary for its officials to fall so quickly into line behind the Ford and Carter managers? To exclude McCarthy from the discussions is to deny the people exposure to the views of arguably one of the most original and incisive minds in American politics. The Internal Revenue Service has amplified the inequities by allowing the Ford-Carter debates to be financed by tax-deductible contributions to the League's educational arm. Will the IRS allow tax deductible dollars to fund an airing of McCarthy's positions?

The question of who's to be in on the debates is not a simple matter. If McCarthy has rights, doesn't Maddox? And what about the Libertarians, the Socialist Workers, the People's Party, and other millenarian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sects that field presidential candidates? One could draw the exclusionary line so that it includes, beside Ford and Carter, one or two others—most reasonably if the candidate qualifies for the ballot in a significant number of states. But if that were to be done, why not draw the line to include only those with a chance to win, *i.e.* Ford and Carter. What's wrong with the reasoning, aside from the fact that it's self-fulfilling, is—as William V. Shannon has argued—that it only adds to the maze of electoral laws that already smother dissenting voices. "The procedural issues of political access" in an increasingly bureaucratized democratic society, Shannon wrote, should "be resolved in favor of fairness and openness."

Watching the two leading contenders train for their meeting on September 23 is not edifying. The candidates appear to have no real convictions, and their managers apparently think that's an asset. They're boning up like high school debaters, memorizing arguments, storing up evidence, practicing delivery, contriving jokes. It's not what they say that counts, but how they say it. Instead of coming down pro or con, however, they're likely to seek common ground on important issues and to establish their differences through code words. Flexibility is the aim, with Ford hobbled a bit on that score by a record he can't very well run against. Carter has Pat Caddell and his computers. They're an opportunity. Last week they told him to say that he should shed his liberal image and retrieve his conservative one. Ergo, a good word for the Burger Court. Carter's coaches, Ted Sorenson, Frank Manciewicz, John Stewart—men not cut from anti-Washington cloth—can go any way the computers suggest. Neither of the candidates will hire the man who did Nixon's make-up in 1960.

How alien McCarthy is from this sophomoric cram course; he does have convictions, and they come from a settled perspective on history and human nature. It happens also to be Niebuhrian in its fashion, a vivid instance of Christian realism fully comprehended, and not just *kitsch*. He could make a difference in the presidential debates. Despite his idiosyncratic behavior as a politician, he set the terms for much of the debate we've been carrying on in the country since 1968: the imperial presidency, covert operations of the CIA, a militarist foreign policy and resource scarcity were themes he struck before they were fashionable. Who recalls how he was derided (by Robert Kennedy among others) for suggesting that J. Edgar Hoover be retired from public life? Or that McCarthy long ago attacked the big automobile as an economic disaster and a social nuisance? For all this and more he has, as he said of Adlai Stevenson in 1960, "stood off the guerrilla attacks of his enemies and the sniping attacks of those who should have been his friends." But McCarthy was left "a prophet without honor in his own party." So the choice most voters will face as they enter the polling booth on November 2 is between two other men.

Crisis Time For France

Paris

This is turning out to be "the year of Europe," but in a disturbing sense, with uncertainties and crises affecting virtually every country—East and West—and thus Europe as a whole. The convergence of problems tends to emphasize the essential weaknesses of European social, economic and political structures, weaknesses aggravated by a series of sudden dramatic events. The year 1977 will be even more difficult. The French crisis is potentially the most serious under the Fifth Republic since Charles de Gaulle vanished from the scene seven years ago. Britain's economy is going through worsening convulsions. Italy, in generalized chaos, is trying to steer a new course under a tottering Christian Democratic government that depends, since the June elections, on the goodwill of the powerful Communist party. West Germany faces parliamentary elections on October 3, with the fate of the Social Democrats a question mark. Politics in most of Eastern Europe are in disarray, both economically and ideologically.

Each country has its own peculiar problems, but basic issues are similar and, inevitably, they overlap. In the West, the issues are uncontrollable inflation (except in West Germany), unemployment, a dangerously slow rate of recovery from recession, and the erosion of key national currencies (again, except in West Germany where the strong Deutsche Mark is distorting the European community's monetary system).

In Central and Southern Europe, these economic difficulties are closely linked to politics—France's present crisis is a case—and thus "Eurocommunism" has become a major concern in the region. In Lisbon last week one could almost sense portents of economic catastrophe as the government embarked on a desperate austerity program. The fear of "Eurocommunism" is overwhelming upper and middle classes.

There is deep malaise in France and elsewhere in Europe, and a growing feeling that the old structures are inadequate to cope. Threatened institutions include the nine-nation common market. With Britain and Italy in most dire economic staits and with the deterioration of the French economy, the European Economic Community is becoming increasingly lopsided and may be in very serious trouble.

In Eastern Europe, there are uncertainties as well—deeper than at any time since Czechoslovakia was invaded by Soviet-led Warsaw Pact armies more than eight years ago. Observers in Western Europe believe that this may be the most uncertain moment in two decades—since the time in 1956 when the Russians intervened to control uprisings in Poland and Hungary. The uncertainty now involves the reported illness of the octogenarian Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia, which led

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the last-minute postponement of a visit that French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was to make to Belgrade on September 15.

The sudden Yugoslav request to Giscard on September 10 to cancel the trip was something of a shock to French diplomats, coming, as it did, one day after Chairman Mao Tse-tung's death in Peking. As perceived in Paris, the coincidence of Mao's disappearance with Tito's illness portends vast power struggles in the Communist world with the Soviet Union believed to be prepared to move to reassert its influence in the two "heretic" Marxist states. With the long-range succession problem apparently as unresolved in Yugoslavia as in China, French diplomatic experts are convinced that power struggles will inevitably affect all international relationships.

That Moscow has a scenario for China was suggested by remarks made in private to senior French officials on the day of Mao's death by the Soviet ambassador in Paris, Stephan Chervonenko. I was told that at a dinner Chervonenko (who once served as ambassador to Peking) pointed out that there were major structural weaknesses in China in the semi-autonomous regions abutting Soviet territory. He listed Manchuria, Inner Mongolia and Sinkiang. French diplomats, who do not believe that Chervonenko was speaking lightly, inferred that the USSR considered the three regions as places to test the new Peking leadership.

In Poland, the regime has not recovered from the June riots that were triggered by a quickly rescinded sharp rise in food prices. The impression here is that Edward Gierek, the first secretary of the Polish Communist party, may be under strong personal pressure from elements in Warsaw that have all along taken a dim view of his relative domestic liberalism. In Rumania President Nicolae Ceausescu, another Communist maverick, seems to be veering closer to Moscow.

The whole nature of European communism is obviously of great relevance to Western Europe and it is particularly so in France where President Giscard earlier this month named a new prime minister—Raymond Barre—to help him solve the current economic crisis here. This crisis is directly related to the French political picture. The name of the game in France is who will win the crucial parliamentary elections in March, 1978, in the neck-and-neck contest between the Giscard-led conservatives and centrist forces and the Socialist-Communist "Union de la Gauche" (Union of the Left). The leftist union is headed by François Mitterand, the Socialist chief, whom Giscard defeated for the presidency in 1974 by the tiniest of margins. Giscard's presidential term runs until 1981, but the left's victory in the parliamentary elections 18 months from now would force him to name Mitterand as prime minister, possibly to accept Communists in the cabinet, and probably make France ungovernable.

Barre, a nonpolitical economist, was appointed to replace Jacques Chirac, the young (44), immensely aggressive and vastly ambitious chief of the Gaullist majority (composed mainly of the UDR, the rightist Democratic Republican Union) in parliament. Chirac, France's most controversial politician, resigned in anger when the political and personal conflicts between him and Giscard became unbridgeable. The central point of their dispute was Chirac's attempt to persuade Giscard to hold parliamentary elections immediately—in October or November—rather than wait until 1978. His theory, rejected by Giscard and his personal political advisers, was that the leftists could be defeated easier this year than 18 months from now. Chirac's concept appeared to be that, given the acute economic and structural problems bedeviling France, time is working for the leftists and against the conservative-centrist establishment.

An ancillary dispute developed over Giscard's efforts, limited as they have been thus far, to bring some basic structural reforms to France with Giscard making a small "opening to the left." Chirac argued that Giscard's instinctive reformism would not win the government any votes on the left, but make it lose them on the right. Nobody can say, of course, which of these strategies is correct. I found it interesting, however, in a week of long conversations with key government officials and politicians at both ends of the spectrum in Paris that there was general agreement that if elections were held today, Mitterand's left-wing alliance would most likely win. This is not something that Giscard's aides would say in public but there is a clear sense of polarization in France.

A senior adviser to Giscard thus acknowledged in a private conversation that "we shall know in six months" whether the package of anti-inflationary measures and mild reforms being prepared by Prime Minister Barre "will work or fail." If it fails, then the chances of a leftist victory in 1978 will become even greater. This, then, is Giscard's great gamble.

What truly alarmed the government was last spring's local elections—elections in cantons throughout the country—that for the first time acquired a national political meaning. The winners were the Socialists, increasing their strength at the expense of their Communist partners and of the Gaullists.

It was then that Giscard named Chirac "the coordinator of the majority," a move that led to the conflict between the two men. The next test will come in March municipal elections and this campaign is already watched, hawk-like, by all the parties. It may show whether the leftist momentum has been arrested by Giscard's and Barre's new policies.

In official statements, the emphasis is on the combat against inflation—now running at a 10 percent annual rate—but Giscard must face growing pressures to modernize France's social and economic structures.

Just before the cabinet crisis, for example, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) said in a report that sent shock waves through the Paris political establishment, that France is the country in the West where the greatest disparity exists between the rich and the poor. Thus, it said, the richest 10 percent of the population absorbs 30.5 percent of the post-tax income of the nation while the poorest 10 percent receives only 1.4 percent of the wealth. This inequality gap is three times that of Holland and Sweden, twice that of Britain, Germany and Japan and one and one-half times that of the US and Canada. The French situation is worse than Spain's.

Last week, the widely read liberal weekly *Nouvel Observateur* said in a headline over a lead article on the problem of the country's social and economic distortions that "the French are sick of inequality."

Needless to say, this situation plays into the hands of the left in addition to the political fallout from the inflation that, economists say, is simply intolerable. And inflation here means more than just the very high prices the French have to pay for food and everything else—prices much higher than those prevailing in the United States. Prime Minister Barre himself noted that the workers' purchasing power has risen by eight percent in the last two years while national output has fallen two percent. France, therefore, is living dangerously beyond its means. The phenomenon obviously affects France's economic dealings with its common market partners, notably West Germany and the Benelux, where inflation is running at a much lower rate. The weakness of the French franc further distorts the terms of trade within the community.

Barre's new package—to be unveiled on September 22 —is thus vital not only for the French economy and social peace, but also for France's position within the EEC.

His greatest battle will be with the labor unions whom Barre wants to persuade to give up excessive wage demands. They had been preparing for this autumn's round of contract negotiations but, politicized as the unions are here, Barre's appeals for sacrifices may fall on deaf ears.

The next problem will be to prevail on the conservatives in parliament to go along with structural reforms—new taxes and investment guidelines—that Giscard and Barre want to set in motion. But, as a French political leader remarked to me, "We are a nation with a privileged élite which is not about to give up its privileges."

On top of all this, France, like the rest of Europe, has been beset by sudden problems, notably the drought that has grievously damaged agriculture. The government plans to pay farmers subsidies to offset their losses, but labor unions and others oppose that so long as workers are suffering the ravages of inflation.

These are ingredients in the present pre-electoral battle. And if all these problems will in the end favor the left, Frenchmen want to know how the leftists will act in power. Those who oppose the left find certain solace in the dissension between Socialists and Communists despite their formal alliance. There is no love lost between the two parties, but both understand that the left can come to power only through the "Union de la Gauche," leaving their own disputes for later. There are Socialist leaders who propose to treat the Communists as junior partners after a leftist victory ("Our instincts toward Communists are homicidal," a Socialist leader remarked to me). The Communists, on the other hand, taking a leaf from the Italian Communist party's book, are making a major effort to appear to be a democratic group, ready to cooperate with others in a pluralistic system. Georges Marchais, the party's secretary general, has been hard at work creating an Italian-type image for the Communists, and people wonder if he really means what he says.

France's political life revolves to an increasing extent over the meaning of "Eurocommunism," in the light of a possible leftist triumph in 1978.

France is approaching a crossroad. What happens here in the next 18 months is bound to affect, in turn, the rest of Europe, economically and politically.

Tad Szulc

The Last Shuttle?

South African Abyss

by Benjamin Pogrund

The activity over southern Africa is intense. Senior State Department officials have been zooming around the subcontinent, and now the Secretary of State himself is there, zigzagging from capital to capital. The rapid-fire, shuttle diplomacy that Henry Kissinger has made his own has been flung into the attempt to bring peace to the blacks and whites of the area. The pace is frenetic. A sense of drama has been rapidly established and the affairs and problems of Africa getting big play in the US press.

That there is need for mediation is evident. The threat of a "racial holocaust," as some have described it, is real and immediate. Rhodesia stands on the brink of it; Namibia is increasingly a focus of international pressure and conflict; South Africa is wracked by racial violence. So the purpose of Secretary Kissinger's effort gives every appearance of being commendable. So, too, is the ultimate goal he has announced; in Lusaka in April of this year, and again in Boston and Philadelphia in August, he set out the commitment of the United States to the attainment of "majority rule" (not, incidentally, black majority rule as some simplistic

Benjamin Pogrund is a South African journalist who is spending six months at the *Boston Globe*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

media reports have made it), with protection for minority interests.

With so much positive in what Kissinger is doing, it seems surprising that there is such a great deal of coolness, even anatagonism, among those most intimately affected. The African nations involved—Zambia, Tanzania, Botswana, Mozambique and Angola—met early in September and totally ignored the Secretary's offer to undertake a round of shuttle diplomacy. Indeed, it has turned out that Kissinger's visit to Tanzania this week was not, as first claimed by unnamed "US officials" traveling with him, at the invitation of the government there. Instead, President Nyerere's press secretary has explained, "he asked to come and we said all right, come along." Presumably, the same situation applies to the visit to Zambia. Black Africa is not opening its arms in welcome.

At another level, the "national liberation movements" of southern Africa have raised their voices to complain that Kissinger has not brought them into his consultations. There is a plausible answer to this: referring to the divisions created in the Angolan turmoil last year because of great power rivalry, Kissinger has pointed to America's agreement with the key African nations that it not deal directly with the exile movements. Yet, worthy as this principle is, it enters the realm of fantasy to attempt to apply it, for example, to Namibia where the Southwest African People's Organization (SWAPO) has been acknowledged by the United Nations and the Organization for African Unity as the authentic spokesman for the territory. There can surely be no doubt if Kissinger really wanted to speak to SWAPO, he would have no difficulty in doing so. But, the lack of consultation with the exiles in contrast with the succession of meetings with South Africa's prime minister John Vorster, has led SWAPO, the African National Congress and the Pan-Africanist Congress of South Africa, as well as Rhodesian émigrés, to view Kissinger's initiative with deepening suspicion and to speak even of a "sellout".

The black African response is crucial to whatever Kissinger might or might not achieve. Underlying it, and responsible for the difficulties he is encountering, are the history and apparent nature of his interest in the continent. Until less than a year ago, it was, for him and for the US, the dark continent, unknown and ignored. Africa was not a factor in America's foreign policy; nor, it seems, did it need to be. Whatever global security interests were at stake were maintained in central, east and west Africa by burgeoning African nationalism which invariably kept Russia and her satellites at arms length.

The collapse of Portuguese colonial rule in 1974, with its clear warning of a coming shift in the balance, failed to alert the United States. Then came Angola with the rude intrusion of Russian-backed Cuban troops. Suddenly, Secretary Kissinger came alive to the frightening possibilities. A quick look at a map would have been enough: the Soviet Union in Angola, menacing the African west coast leg of the Cape sea route, along which travels 60 percent and more of Europe's oil from the Persian Gulf; a Soviet presence able to manifest itself in cooperative action with the new Marxist government in Mozambique on the east coast, introducing a new dimension into the decade-long Rhodesian impasse; and, a Russian presence entrenching itself and pushing south into Namibia, and eventually perhaps South Africa itself.

This, plainly, has been the motivation for getting Kissinger moving. And, once aroused, he has acted swiftly and with decision. His series of speeches, in which he has spoken with sympathy and compassion about the continent's physical and economic handicaps, have been backed by offers of greater American assistance with his quiet stress on the extent of the US help that is possible—subject to the agreement of Congress—to overcome these. And on the need to ensure that Africa does not become a cockpit of international competition, it can be seen that he is aiming at putting black Africa beyond the reach of the Communist countries.

There is naturally every reason for Kissinger to work towards this. As Secretary of State, it would be astonishing if he did not strive to protect the interests of the United States and the West. Those who fear the spread of Communist influence and activity will applaud what he is doing and welcome his attention to Africa. But where Kissinger has blundered is seemingly to believe that black Africa does not understand what he is about. That has been strikingly seen in the wildly contradictory statements which came on September 15, as he landed in Dar Es Salaam to start the first stage of his current shuttle efforts. Whereas Kissinger spoke publicly in discreet terms about not wishing to do anything without the full agreement of the black African nations concerned, those ubiquitous unnamed "US officials" travelling with him were speaking a different language. Apparently stung by the challenging announcement issued by the Tanzanian government only hours before Kissinger landed and by the "go home" student demonstration staged at Dar Es Salaam airport with clear government connivance, they accused the Soviet Union of instigating feelings against the peace efforts. Soviet diplomats at the United Nations in New York, they told reporters, have been spreading word that Kissinger was only intent on preserving capitalism in southern Africa. Such remarks are likely to be viewed as insulting by black Africa.

Kissinger's miscalculation, or misunderstanding, of what makes black Africa tick has been seen even more strikingly in his approach to southern Africa itself. Because thus far he has given every appearance, as Tanzania has now openly charged, of giving comfort and support to the white minority government while

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IBM Reports

Restoring confidence in business

Of all the challenges facing business today, none surpasses the need to put its house in order and regain the public trust.

Public confidence in business is lower than it has been for many years. In 1966, according to one survey, 55 percent of Americans had a high level of confidence in business leadership. Today only 16 percent do.

What has caused this decline?

Many things. But important among them are revelations of corporate kickbacks, bribed officials, illegal political contributions, secret bank accounts and the like.

Some attempts have been made to excuse such misdeeds, saying that "everybody does it." This is clearly an evasion of responsibility, even if it were true—which it isn't.

Many companies, including IBM, have rigorous codes of business conduct which they have lived by for years. Codes that clearly spell out the legal and ethical obligations of corporate citizenship.

Many others are working hard toward this objective.

We believe every company should have such a code of conduct. One designed to fit its own situation and its own operations.

We believe that each company should state explicitly the kind of conduct the company expects and the kind of conduct it will not tolerate.

We believe that each company should hold its people to strict observance of that code.

And where violations are discovered, we believe swift action to correct them should be taken—however painful that may be.

Restoring the good name of business deserves the urgent attention of everyone in business today.

It is the best way to assure the survival of business tomorrow.

Indeed, it may be the only way.

IBM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

getting markedly little in return that anyone has yet been able to see.

At the heart of this is the dilemma facing the US and the West: in creating an anti-Communist barrier to protect the riches and strategic value of the southern portion of the continent, to what extent must support be given to the white governments? South Africa's John Vorster and Rhodesia's prime minister Ian Smith have long projected themselves as the West's enduring and reliable allies in keeping the subcontinent free of Communism. Until now, whatever the formal condemnation of suppressive white rule, the West has tacitly gone along with this thesis. And the true concern about Kissinger must be that, whatever fine-sounding words are being used about democracy, freedom and majority rule, the essence of US policy has not altered. That, understandably, arouses black African anxiety, particularly when viewed against the realities of the southern African situation.

First, Rhodesia. For 11 years, since its unilateral declaration of independence from Britain, the Smith regime has remained unswervingly on the path of white rule. For much of this time Rhodesia survived because of the access it had to the world, despite international sanctions, through Mozambique and South Africa. When independent Mozambique sealed its border early this year, southern Africa became the one and only pipeline for Rhodesian goods and finances.

South Africa could destroy its northern neighbor virtually overnight if it wished to. That the South African government would dearly like to do this has been evident for more than two years. The recent statement by South Africa's foreign minister Hilgard Muller supporting "majority rule" was merely a formal endorsement of a previously accepted policy. In this light the warm welcome that Washington gave the statement was silly and served to confuse the nature of South Africa's role; it created the idea that there was some movement in South Africa's attitude.

For, however unreal and strange it might seem, the fact is that South Africa desperately wants to see majority rule across the border. It wants this because it recognizes the present white resistance is generating an all-out race war. It is this racial confrontation, the alternative to peaceful settlement, which Vorster has described as "too ghastly to contemplate." Of course the South African attitude is contradictory of its own domestic situation.

Vorster's problem, however, is that much as he wants to, he cannot take decisive action to eliminate white rule in Rhodesia. He cannot close his border or impose any sanctions simply because his own white supporters would not stand for it. In addition, his own country is such a target for international boycott that it is unthinkable to apply the tactic to anyone else; opposing sanctions has become a tenet of South African morality. Vorster can warn and threaten Smith and he can point to the racial dangers ahead, as he undoubtedly did in their discussions in Pretoria this week. But he will not put teeth into it, certainly not at this stage. And if he will not, no one else can—except in the direction of war—which Zambia and Mozambique declare is the only option now available. Unfortunately, none of the warnings have been having any effect on Rhodesia's 270,000 whites. They believe they are fighting a Battle-of-Britain type struggle for the survival of Western civilization. It will take a great deal more to shock them from that position than anything Kissinger can achieve through shuttle diplomacy.

Second, Namibia. Here too, whatever happens or does not happen in the direction of peaceful change is in Vorster's hands, and here too, South African policy has been radically different for at least two years. Because the decision has been taken that the international pressures to get South Africa to quit Namibia are becoming inimical to white South Africa's broader aims, Namibia will therefore be set free—but with the vital qualifications that it will be in a manner that South Africa decrees and with the end goal of, somehow, insuring continued white control. There is already a tentative date for independence—December 31, 1978—but no details about voting rights have yet evolved. The situation remains fluid enough for Vorster to make adjustments, thus enabling Kissinger to praise his "constructive role." Vorster has not given away anything that alters the fundamentals of his stand. Again, Vorster is doing only what he is willing to do.

Third, South Africa itself. Here there is no give whatsoever. Vorster will not yield an inch to Kissinger or anyone else. There is no scope for negotiations. He and his government are set on a policy of separate development and, to them, everything hinges on having enough time to push ahead with their program for the partition of South Africa so that it becomes a *fait accompli*. Cooperating on Rhodesia and giving way to Namibia are among the ways of buying time—a matter which becomes more crucial because of the present racial disturbances. Through his discussions with Kissinger, Vorster also makes extremely important gains; his stature at home increases because, after all, this is the first time that a member of the United States cabinet has been willing to travel around the world to hold discussions with South Africa's Prime Minister. And in the midst of his domestic racial upheavals he has the Rhodesian situation and the new attempts to resolve it as a means of drawing attention away from the demands for fundamental change at home.

With these many factors in mind, the prospects of Secretary Kissinger achieving any real and meaningful progress in southern Africa are therefore bleak indeed. Perhaps if less of a climate of euphoria had been created and lesser targets set at the start, more would be attainable. Perhaps, too, it is not merely as it seems to be a case of Kissinger landing in the position of being used by Vorster; perhaps, somewhere deep in it all,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Kissinger has his own secret plan to use Vorster, which may yet come to fruition. Perhaps he has come to realize that, whatever the short-term interests of the United States and the West, their long term interests will not be served by support for minority governments. Perhaps he has a plan to change this. Perhaps. Meanwhile, southern Africa plunges into the abyss.

White House Watch

Carter Talk

by John Osborne

The people who talk about Jimmy Carter in the following excerpts from interviews conducted during the first week of September, in Plains and in nearby Americus, Georgia, have these claims to know something about him:

Billy Carter is Jimmy's younger brother. **Gloria Spann** is the older of two sisters. Her younger sister, Ruth Carter Stapleton, lives in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and practices what she calls "inner healing" throughout the world. **Alton Carter**, aged 88, is by seniority the head of the family and the brother of Jimmy Carter's late father, James Earl Carter. **Hugh Carter,** one of Alton's two sons, was elected to Jimmy's seat in the Georgia senate in 1966, has been Jimmy's friend since boyhood, and watches the home front in southern Georgia for him now. Hugh breeds and sells worms and, with his father, runs an antiques store in Plains. **Mary Anne Thomas** is a friend who lives in the Sumter County seat, Americus. Her former husband, Russell, who is mentioned, is a peanut farmer and a friend of Jimmy Carter. **Bruce Edwards,** aged 29, has been the pastor of the Plains Baptist Church since January 1975.

"Jimmy's book" is his *Why Not the Best?*, a tract that his best friends wouldn't call an autobiography.

Billy Carter

Q: You've known your brother Jimmy all your life. What makes him tick?

Billy: I'm 13 years younger than Jimmy and I didn't really know Jimmy until I was about four years old. He came back to Plains *(from the Navy)* in the fall of 1953 and I left in the spring of '55 *(for the Marines, jobs in Atlanta, etc.)* and I didn't come back here to stay until the spring of '63. I went to Emory *(a Methodist college in Atlanta)* for two and a half years, flunked out, I was a career freshman, you might say. Never passed anything. Now about Jimmy. The family as a whole, I'd say we're all individuals. Me and Jimmy are extremely close but we're far apart, too. We all have a bad habit which I do, my Mother does, Jimmy does. We say what we damn please, regardless of whether anybody agrees with us or not. And Jimmy, I'm not saying this because he's my brother, but Jimmy's the smartest human being I've ever known. I say, from both learning and the ability to learn, and to change. He can take a subject he knows absolutely nothing about and by talking to people and by reading and by breaking down what he's heard, in a very short period he knows as much about it as anybody. I know more about peanuts than Jimmy does, but I won't let him know that because in a couple of days he'd know more than I do about peanuts.

Q: Was it the raising he got that makes him tick, or something born in him?

A: Partly raising, partly something born.

Q: I assume you got essentially the same raising?

A: No, mine was different. I was 13 years younger, like I say, and I was raised almost as the only child. It's kind of hard to be the first child in a family, I guess, and I know with my own kids it's a lot better to be the baby than to be the oldest. (*Note: Ruth Carter Stapleton, the younger sister, says somewhat the same thing in her book,* The Gift of Inner Healing: *"My father had loved me very deeply. . . . I had been raised to believe that I was God's gift to the world, the most beautiful child ever born." Discovering that she wasn't contributed to the agony that contributed to the spiritual experience that, according to Gloria Spann, led to Jimmy's being "born again." It's evident that Jimmy as the first born had a sterner upbringing than his brother and younger sister did, though not as stern a raising as he remembers now.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q: Can he be hard to get along with? Some of the reporters who've covered him for months suspect that in private he can be a real mean son-of-a-bitch.

A: Not with me, no. I haven't seen him change. I went over there this morning *(to the Jimmy Carters' home in Plains)* and talked to him for an hour and a half, I guess.

Q: Does he discuss politics with you or, politics aside, what he's doing and whether you think he's doing well?

A: Believe it or not, I never discuss politics with Jimmy. The only thing we discussed this morning, actually, was our peanut program, which he's interested in. I keep up with it and it's my business to lean back and explain things to him. *(Note: "Our peanut program" was a euphemism for a terrific row between southwest Georgia peanut shellers, including the Carters, and Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz over government support levels for peanuts. A recent reversal of position by Butz could cost the Carters as shellers many thousands of dollars this year and benefit the Carters as growers by a few thousand dollars. Jimmy has said he'll divest himself of his peanut shelling interest if he's elected. He hopes to avoid total divorcement from his land.*

Q: What do you think of your brother's book?

A: I never have read it. I read the rough draft. I don't know what I did with it, I gave it to somebody. My sister has written a couple of books and I've never read them, either. Ruth's a preacher of some kind I never have quite understood. I have never heard Ruth talk or preach and I'm not sure what her religion is. I think she's still a Baptist, but her personal religion is not an organized religion. As long as she believes in what she's doing, it suits her and it suits me.

Q: Your brother's religion and his definition of his religious faith—is it all genuine or is some of it put on for political reasons?

A: In my opinion, it's all genuine. I'm not religious at all, I don't go to church. Jimmy's religion, it's a private thing. You're from Mississippi, you know what I'm talking about. His religion first came out when some of these Yankee reporters came down here and went to a Baptist church. If you're a reporter in Plains on a weekend, you ain't got a damn thing to write about but going to church on Sunday. They didn't understand it. I think a lot of them writing the religious thing thought that southern Baptists were Holy Rollers.

Q: Were your father and your mother religious in the sense that Jimmy is?

A: No, sir. I was never made to go to church. I went to Sunday school until I was 14 or 15, usually by choice and when I didn't want to go was the only time I ever got spanked. But I was never made to go and Jimmy has never forced it on his children.

Q: What place do you think Jimmy's wife, Mrs. Rosalynn Carter, has had in his life and in his career and his ascent? Has she had a good deal to do with it?

A: I think she has. I think they have a perfect marriage. He discusses things with her. She works hard as hell, she campaigns full time, all the time. She gets paid for it, but not enough. She told me the other day, I forget the exact figure she asked for, but he cut her down to $75 a week, I think.

Q: People at his Atlanta headquarters tell me she has strong views on how to run the campaign and when she doesn't like what they are doing or what he's doing, she'll tell them so and tell him so. That check with your impression of her?

A: Yes, sir. She has strong views. She and me are in good situations. There are two of us left, me and her both, who can still tell Jimmy to go to hell and get by with it. Not in those words, of course, but you know what I mean. We can be loyal to Jimmy and still tell him when he's wrong.

Q: I hear that you ran for Mayor of Plains two years ago and lost by only four votes. That so?

A: Yes, sir, by something like that.

Q: How could you have lost in Plains? How could any *Carter have lost in Plains, is what I'm trying to ask?*

A: (laughing): Well, if you don't campaign and everybody else goes to church on Sunday morning and you ride around laughing and joking and drinking beer with your friends and everybody sees it and you don't try to hide it, you don't get elected mayor of Plains, Jawjuh.

Q: Seriously, was it a setback to you and the family for you to run and lose?

A: No, sir, it was not. It really made no difference whatsoever. From what I hear, five people will probably be running this December—our local elections come every two years, you know—and I'll probably run again.

Gloria Spann

Question: What sort of family is the Carter family?

A: My sister Ruth has her own goals. I have my own goals. Jimmy has his. And Billy has his. My mother lives her own independent life. We don't try to follow each other. We don't compete with each other. What we really compete on is, who can be the most independent and who can go after their own goals. People ask me, do you ever get jealous? Your brother is going to the White House and don't you want to go? And I say, no, I don't want to go. Ruth knows what she wants. Billy knows what he wants. Jimmy knows what he wants.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And my mother knows what she wants. And we all go after it.

Q: To what extent did your mother's influence or your father's influence shape Jimmy, make him what he is?

A: My father died in 1953, so he was with us through high school. The main thing is, he taught us to play.

Q: To play?

A: To play. He saw to it that we had every piece of athletic equipment we needed to be entertained in a little country house. Jimmy was taught to hunt with his father. There was a pond we could go swimming in. There was a tennis court—we played tennis. There was a pool table—we shot pool. There was always some form of recreation provided. We were never bored on the farm. I don't think Jimmy worked quite as hard as he says in the book (*giggling*). And we weren't quite as poor as he says we were in the book. We always had plenty of clothing and food, as much as anybody and more than a lot of people had. We had ponies to ride. We had more than the most affluent have now. So how could we ever realize that we were poor? It really was a very good life. And then when we were teenagers my father built a house, the Pond House, for us to have a place to go. It was there with all the newest records, the pool table, the ping pong table, and it was open to us and our friends when we got to high school age so we had a place to go, to have our dances. It had two bedrooms, a bath, a kitchen. It could have been lived in, but we always used it for a playhouse. *(Note: The playhouse was built in the late 1930s and burned in 1960. It was replaced by the present Pond House where Miz Lillian Carter, the mother, usually lives in the summer and where Jimmy Carter put up visiting notables this summer and fall.)*

Q: When you were children, did you have to go to church?

A: My mother was a Methodist, but she joined the Baptist church when she married Daddy. When we were little, she didn't go to church. She stayed home on Sunday mornings. I think that was considered Mother's time to be to herself, away from us. Daddy took us to Sunday school.

We had to go to Sunday school, and we had to go to church during the revivals. But we didn't go very much to the regular services, the preaching. Daddy *loved* Sunday school and the Sunday school teaching. They always had very good teachers for the adult men and he really liked it. But he didn't care for the sermons. He went up town and met his friends at the drug store or at a filling station where they hung out and they had cokes and talked until after church. Sometimes he would let us go with him in the car and we would sit there in the car and watch them and that was fun, that was really fun *(giggling).* And then we'd all go home after church was out and have Sunday dinner. That was a tradition. Daddy taught Sunday school when he was young, but when we were growing up he didn't take much part in church affairs. And he never cared to be a deacon. He never cared to hide the fact that he liked to take a drink. He didn't think a deacon should do those things and he wouldn't quit. And that's the truth. But don't misunderstand. He didn't get drunk, I never saw Daddy drunk.

Q: Was there something in the childhood years that set your brother Jimmy off from the rest of you; that made him as active in the church as he says he is and made his religion as important to him as he says it is?

A: Not in our childhood. That came later. There suddenly came a time in all of our lives when we needed something more than we had gotten from church or Sunday school or memorizing Bible verses, studying, all that. It was maturing. It was acceptance that, if there were a God, it was our God. If there is a God, it's got to be better than this and if there's not, why am I wasting all this time? And so we, each in our own individual way, have accepted and found out, there *IS* a God. There really is.

Q: Billy found that out?

A: (very softly): I don't know.

Q: He says he has no interest in religion, says he never goes to church. That right?

A: (giggling again, happy again): Beely's funny!

Q: What do you mean, funny? He's an amusing man, but he's also a very interesting man. You agree?

A: Yes, I do. Beely is just Beely!

Q: What do you think inculcated that belief in your brother Jimmy, that intensity of belief, that he says he has?

A: If you really want to know the truth, I can tell you in a minute.

Q: I want to know.

A: You see, Ruth had this experience in 1959. The best I can explain that experience is, it comes in awareness that God is with you. It changed her life, it changed my whole life. At different times Ruth discussed this with Jimmy. It took several years for him to realize how much it had changed her life, to have this freedom and certainty. In 1966, when Jimmy lost the election for governor, the bottom fell out of his life. He realized that he needed another foundation, a stronger foundation, for his life. He talked with me some, he talked with Ruth some. I believe it was at this time that he made his decision to go his way with God, and he did.

Q: After the defeat in 1966?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A: After the 1966 election. He's never said this, never declared it publicly. But there is no denying it. I think I'm right about it. I have never had any reason to doubt it. He was a good Christian man, a good Baptist before then, but I'm sure that that is when he was 'born again.'

Q: Now I'm going to ask you a question that I will ask your brother if I get the chance. (Note: I didn't get the chance and never received an answer to a written version of the question that I submitted through Jimmy Carter's press secretary.)

A: All right.

Q: Your brother defines himself as a born-again Christian and Baptist. When I was growing up in a Baptist family in Mississippi, people who described themselves that way were assumed by everyone who knew them to believe—certainly my family believed—that there was a literal hell, a literal heaven, and a literal and eternal life after death that would be spent in one place or the other. Does Jimmy believe that?

A: I don't know. I really don't. But I'd say that's more fundamentalist than it is 'born again' in standard preaching. I never think about hell and I never think about heaven. I think about living abundantly—*I do.* And I've known other people who think and believe as I do, that the key to the whole thing is Christ in me. This is what I base my life on and I think it's what Jimmy bases his life on.

Alton Carter

Q: How did you Carters get here?

A: My daddy died in 1903. We lived down in Early County, about a hundred miles below here, right on the Alabama border. I was the oldest boy, I was 16, and I had to take hold of the family, you might say. My mother, she wasn't any businesswoman at all. I brought my mother and three sisters and this one brother, he was six years younger than I was, to Plains. My brother was James Earl Carter—everybody called him Earl. Nobody really knows who I am. I got three names, William Alton Carter, but they know me as Alton Carter and they all knew him as Earl Carter.

Q: Have you read Jimmy Carter's book?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: Was that family as poor and hard-pressed during his boyhood as he makes 'em out to be?

A: I don't think so. They never were hard up. You know yourself, you know folks who work hard as the devil all their lives and they never make a living. You know others, every time they lay their hand down on something and pick it up, there's two or three dollars under it. Well, that's the way Earl was. He'd make three times as much money as I could without any trouble. He was just a money-maker. He traded land and when he died he had about 4000 acres of land. He had made every bit of it his self and he kept it.

Q: The land that is now in what's called Carter Farms, was that Earl Carter's?

A: Some of it is. Jimmy's got every foot he ever had. He ain't sold a foot and he's bought some more. Now I'm not certain, but I think Jimmy's two sisters and his brother have sold their land. Jimmy, he ain't sold a foot, like I say.

Q: Is Jimmy a good businessman?

A: Well, I'll tell you what he done after he came back here from the Navy in 1953. He took that business and he's over doubled it, I think. He's not one of these extravagants, you know. He's very conservative. When he turns a dollar loose, he expects it to come back with fifty cents hanging on it. That's the kind of fellow he is.

Q: Which of the two, your brother Earl or Jimmy's mother—Miz Lillian, everybody seems to call her—had the most influence on Jimmy?

A: Well, I'll tell you. Miss Lillian's daddy, Jim Zack Gordy, was the biggest politician in this part of Georgia. You ever heard of Tom Watson? Well, Jim Zack was Tom Watson from A to Z. That's what Lillian's daddy was. The last job he had, he had it when he died, was doorkeeper of the state Senate. I just have an idea, I don't know whether I'm right or not, that Jimmy got his politics from his grandaddy Gordy. He didn't get it from the Carters. The Carters are not politicians like the Gordys were. The Gordys were politicians and, if you want to know the truth, that's all they were. Every one of them. Lillian now. She's got two sisters, they're the hottest politicians you ever saw.

Q: Miss Lillian, is she interested in politics?

A: She's right into it. She's been interested in every political race that I've ever known.

Q: You must know Mrs. Rosalynn Carter pretty well?

A: Rosalynn? Oh, yes, and I'm going to tell you something about her. If you ask me right now, who is the smartest woman in the United States, I'll tell you—her. She beats anything that you ever saw. She's a little country girl raised out here in the country, about six miles from Plains. She's smart as the devil, she's just wonderful the way she handles things. She's got Moedell *(he meant Mondale)* at their house today. She's had Muskie there. She cooks for them herself.

Q: You mean, she doesn't have a cook?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A: If she has, I never found it out. I was there the other night and I asked her, how do you handle all these big notables that come here and she says, I do the best I can and let the balance take care of itself. That's how she is.

Q: You ever been in politics?

A: Oh, yes sir, I was mayor of this town for 28 years between 1918 and 1954. A few terms in that time, I was out. When Jimmy told me in December 1974 that he was going for President and asked me what I thought, I told him he had a long way to go and some hard work ahead, and he realized it. I told him that the first year I was mayor of Plains, I tried to satisfy everybody and they like to run me crazy. I says, I learned that the only way you can get by is to do what you think is right and don't give a damn what other people think about it.

Q: What did Jimmy say to that?

A: He laughed.

Hugh Carter

Q: What distinguishes Jimmy, what makes him different?

A: Well, I'll tell you in a very few words. He and I grew up in this little town and the biggest thing in our lives has always been the church. This is not anything unusual for people living in a small town. We have always been Christians and we have always gone to church. The result is, we learned to love Christ early in life and when you speak of Christ, Christ of course represents many things. Jesus Christ was good and compassionate and loving, thought a lot of his fellow men, and was honest, and these traits have been instilled in the life of Jimmy. In addition to that, he's one of the sincerest people I've ever known. When you talk to Jimmy, he has an uncanny ability to let you talk. He's a good listener. Everybody likes to talk himself instead of listening to somebody else talk. And so when you go off and leave Jimmy Carter, even though you've seen him just that one time, there's something about him that you never forget, and it grabs you. It's because he's a good listener. But the most important reason is that he's compassionate, his Christian life is showing in everything that he says and he does. He's been going to church ever since he was this high *(gesturing from the waist)*. He made a public profession of faith and he was baptised when he was seven years old right here in the Plains Baptist Church. You know, we Baptists believe in waiting before we're baptised, so we know what we're doing.

Q: Were you surprised when he told you he was going for the presidency?

A: I was. He was still governor when he came out to my house here in Plains in October 1974, he was in blue jeans and sneakers, and knocked on my back door and said he wanted to come in and talk to me and my wife. He sat down in the den and said, I'm going to surprise you. And I said, all right what is it, and he said, I'm going to run for President of the United States, and I said *what*? Just like that. I said, Jimmy, what makes you think you can win? And he said, well, Hugh, I've had Teddy Kennedy and I've had Scoop Jackson and I've had all these big shots to Atlanta in the Governor's mansion, I've sat and talked with them, and I've decided, they're not any more qualified to be President than I am, I'm just as smart as they are and I believe I can make just as good a President as they can. He said, I believe I can make it if I can sell myself to the American people and they can realize that a southerner is just as intelligent and just as capable of being President as these other people are. So he convinced me right then.

Q: In Georgia terms, do you regard Jimmy as a liberal?

A: No, sir, I regard him as moderate to liberal. He ran for governor of Georgia as a moderate. You can't be conservative and be President of the United States. When you are President you have got to represent everybody—the conservatives, the moderates, the liberals. So I wouldn't call him a liberal, I'd call him moderate to liberal. Now this is Hugh Carter's opinion.

Q: You are known to be more conservative than Jimmy is. How would you describe yourself?

A: I'm conservative to moderate. Or moderate to conservative.

Mary Anne Thomas

Q: I gather that Jimmy Carter, after he came home from the Navy in 1953 after his father died, foregathered with you and some others over here from time to time to discuss what you all read and what to read.

A: Well, we did. Not just to discuss books, though. It would be to have supper and have a drink with your friends. Americus is not exactly an intellectual center, you know. There are just a few people you find who really want to talk about anything like that, so when you do find them you kind of leap on one another.

Q: You said you talked about other things. Such as?

A: Hell, I hate to say southern intellectuals, but—you said you're from Mississippi, you know—southerners in a small town that do read get together and talk about everything. We never talked about religion much, except in a very philosophical vein. So Jimmy's religious side is something that I just never knew much about. I'm not putting it into doubt, he's a southern Baptist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a pillar of the church. But also at that time in the early 1960s he was a school board member and he was going into the state Senate, and that is essential in Georgia politics. I mean, it's absolutely essential.

Q: I missed the connecting line there. What is essential?

A: Religion. Being a pillar of the church.

Q: Is Jimmy pretending, or is it real?

A: I don't know. Somewhere between Jimmy's gubernatorial campaigns in 1966 and 1970 we discussed religion. Russell and I were at Jimmy's house for supper one evening after Jimmy lost in 1966. Jimmy and a friend of his here in Americus were sponsoring a big Billy Graham thing—I forget exactly what it was, but I think it was a film of one of Billy Graham's revivals. I'd seen Billy Graham when I was living in Atlanta. There he was in a tent in Atlanta, no better than Oral Roberts, yelling Jesus Christ in one corner and yelling at the Devil in the other, and I thought it was terrible. If I wasn't religious prior to that, that finished me off. So here were Jimmy and this friend of his sponsoring this Billy Graham thing in Sumter County. That evening at Jimmy's house I got very aggressive. I'd believed in Jimmy, I still believe in him. But this was so political, it *was* political. I thought it was some sort of trick and I didn't like it. I thought, damn, here we go, the whole bit, and we got into it. Russell said to me afterward, Mary Anne, how would you feel if Jimmy had jumped on you in your house on one of your pet projects? It ended up with me calling Jimmy and saying, "Jimmy, I was disturbed and angry and I apologize," and Jimmy saying to me, "Lady, you know and I know you got a big mouth and you don't have to apologize to me."

Bruce Edwards

Q: Without asking you to speak for any member of your church, including Governor Carter, would you think that any member of this church who identified himself as a born-again Baptist Christian, as Governor Carter does, would be assumed by other members of the church to believe in a literal heaven, a literal hell and a literal eternal life after death?

A: I would say yes. I wouldn't speak for every individual but I would say, yes, most of our people do believe that.

Young Activists of the 1970s

Tennessee's Saving Remnant

by Robert Coles & Tom Davey

The civil rights struggle of the early 1960s, waged in such large measure by young people, had roots in the long-standing desperation of Southern blacks, which had erupted into various protests well before college students began the sit-ins and freedom rides that became, for a while, a social and political movement. In the late 1950s, for instance, the black people of Fayette County, Tennessee, had tried to register as voters, against great odds—threats, reprisals, outright refusals. Dozens of blacks knew, then, that they had every reason to organize, assert themselves, fight hard and long, no matter the violence of a white minority (30 percent of the population) that owned almost all the land of the county (90 percent) and had a stranglehold on its economic and political life. It was a mean, terribly dangerous, risky fight for blacks—to take on the reigning segregationist power of Fayette and the adjoining Haywood County in West Tennessee (they both are about a half an hour by car from Memphis, and the former stretches along the northern border of Mississippi, and is, really, a continuation of the Delta).

Robert Hamburger's oral history of that effort (*Our Portion of Hell*), published in 1973, indicates the high price paid willingly, proudly, by so many men and women. Square Mormon is one who speaks in the book; he counts himself among the blacks who first stood up to white dominance in the 1950s. In 1976, certain that there is a lot yet to be accomplished, he continues to stand up, insist upon his people's desperate

---

Robert Coles, a contributing editor, is the author of *Children of Crisis*, among other books. *Tom Davey* is a recent graduate of Duke University, and has worked with migrant farm workers in North Carolina.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

requirements. He remembers the help that came in the early 1960s, and he does not by any means forget the help he and others like him are getting right now—in both instances from the idealistic, activist young: "We had our lives to live. We wanted to get some respect for ourselves. We wanted to get some bread for ourselves. My daddy was a sharecropper. He had to bow his head a lot. I didn't want to die begging and scraping before the white people. They had everything, though, and we had nothing. We were ready to die, some of us; but we sure needed some help from the outside. And we got help. We got the students, the young men and women who came here from all over.

"They were ready to die with us, if it came to that. They lived with us. They helped make our troubles known to the big people over there in Washington and New York. They raised money for us. They stood by us, and they helped teach our children, and they made the white people who run things nervous—the sheriff and his deputies, and the business people they take orders from. It's a mistake to think that the young people from the colleges started our civil rights movement here. We did. But without them, I'm sure we would have had even more trouble than we did. And they're still coming here, the students from Vanderbilt and Meharry, from the University of Tennessee, from all over this state, and some from outside, white and black. They're a 'saving remnant,' that's what one of our preachers calls them. They're still standing beside us and trying to make it a little easier here for us. And it's hard now, just like it was 10 years ago, or 20."

Fayette County is one of the 10 poorest in the United States. The black people live marginal, hard-pressed, vulnerable lives. The infant mortality rate for their newborn children is twice that of the white population—at 30.8, an astonishingly high figure for an advanced industrialized nation. The mean family income for the black majority is a little over $2000 a year—far less, of course, than what obtains for white people, who continue to hold most of the money and power. Thousands of men, women, children live in constant jeopardy: substandard homes—often flimsy shacks; compromised water; an absence of proper sanitation; no regular or adequate income; diseases that go untreated, that threaten, shorten, take abruptly, unnecessarily, the lives of infants, children, young people, grownups. Nor has the Nixon-Ford era been of any help. Under Lyndon Johnson a few quite worthwhile programs reached the rural South—Head Start for boys and girls, Upward Bound for older children, a Youth Corps and Job Corps for young adults, along with all sorts of efforts aimed at training people for work and helping them find employment. Besides, there were Medicare and Medicaid, provisions for emergency food, and an Economic Development Commission, headed by a black man.

By 1968 some 13,000 people in Fayette County were getting over a million dollars of support from federally sponsored programs. But soon thereafter that assistance dropped off markedly. Billions had to be plowed into a futile war—and besides, a new regime had gained control of the White House. "On January 31, 1972," Robert Hamburger tells us in his book, "the federal government denied funding for a large share of OEO activities." There is no longer, of course, an Office of Economic Opportunity, and we have heard a lot about its failures, but not enough about its substantial and impressive successes. (How quickly some "experts" adapt to the prevailing climate along the Potomac: quick to encourage initiatives when they are wanted, and willing to turn skeptical, even sour, when that latter cast of mind is in need of a little scholarly sanction.) In Robert Hamburger's words, the Nixon-Ford years have gone like this in Tennessee (and surely, elsewhere): blacks have had to face "their new crisis alone," or without former friends; "the federal government was unresponsive and the media and general public had turned their attention elsewhere."

But a number of young men and women, right through the late 1960s and each year, so far, of the 1970s, have committed their time and energy to Fayette and Haywood Counties, and to other needy ones of Tennessee as well. In 1968 a group of Vanderbilt youths—undergraduates, law, medical and divinity students—formed the Student Health Coalition. They had their eyes, at first, on the isolated, impoverished Appalachian communities of eastern Tennessee, a number of them without medical or dental services of any kind. Soon enough those students were reaching the medically indigent, providing physical examinations, a series of laboratory tests; and very important, making connections in their own minds and in those of hundreds of mountain people, between the state of a person's health and the position he or she occupies within the prevailing social and economic system. Maybe it was a commonsense discovery. Who needs to be told that those with money command the time of doctors and lawyers, and those who are penniless get nothing or at best the offhand crumbs of charity? But such a realization, when come to and shared by a community of families, visited by young activists trying as outsiders to bring assistance, can generate more than a collective state of awareness.

There are now 10 health centers in east Tennessee, one in the western part of the state, and each of them has become a means by which poor people pool their numbers and energy, wage various hard and by no means always successful campaigns. Polluted streams, faulty well water, poor ventilation in a mine—they are obvious "factors" that bear down upon the health of a neighborhood's people. But so does the quality of education children get, or most important, the price of good food, or the availability of assistance to those without work. The original Student Health Coalition at Vanderbilt has evolved into a Center for Health

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Services, which draws upon the energies of young people from institutions all over the state and in a way that would surely impress some of the "community organizers" of the 1960s, who learned through trial and error that to bring in an X-ray machine, a movable laboratory, and a team of young medical students or even older, quite experienced and well-intentioned doctors was at best a beginning, and quite possibly, a waster of time—unless a word like "health," or expressions like "civil rights" or "legal rights" becomes, gradually, yeast-like reflections of something else: the will of the ailing and exploited to make themselves heard, assert their various desperate causes.

We visited the Poor People's Health Coalition in Rossville, a town in Fayette County. The Coalition operates a clinic, which draws a steady flow of patients. It was there, in a large trailer, packed with medical equipment of all kinds, that we heard Square Mormon and others reminisce—but also look forward: "We've never stopped our civil rights movement here. The students haven't stopped coming, either. I saw on television a year ago, or so, that there are different students now—that they're not interested in anything but getting the best grades they can, and having fun, and they don't care about anyone else but themselves. There may be a lot like that; but we've had the students coming here, summer after summer, and during the school year, and they give us their all—and we're lucky to have them with us. They go out to reach people, and they talk with them, and they become friends with them, and they find out what's the matter, who's sick, and who's not getting food stamps and should be, and who's being pushed around at the social security office, or the welfare office, and who's in trouble for being 'uppity.' There are still plenty of white people around here who talk about 'uppity nigras.' And they're the same white people who wish *all* the students would be as quiet as the television program said they are."

The students we met in Fayette and Haywood Counties are, in a way, quiet. They don't collar visitors with speeches; they don't push a particular ideology. Nor do they complain about being lonely. Certainly they have no sense of uselessness, purposelessness; there is a lot to do, and they spend each day "out with the folks," or in the health clinic or in Haywood County, helping make a dental program work, or seeing to it that people with legal problems get the advice they often urgently require. Or there is Memphis, where food fairs have been held, day after day—an original and increasingly effective way for small farmers to sell their produce to consumers, rather than to the array of middlemen who buy cheap and sell dear. Nursing and medical students have, of course, been especially helpful at the Rossville Poor People's Health Clinic of Fayette County, and others like it in east Tennessee.

We met late at night with some college students, heard from them about the serious medical problems they saw in the course of outreach work: men and women who have never in their lives been examined by a doctor; children obviously suffering from one or another disease, yet not under any pediatric care; a high incidence of hypertension, kidney ailments, disturbances of vision, cardiac abnormalities—again, untreated; bones broken, but not properly set, and so not correctly healed; chronic parasitic illnesses, affecting entire families, in house after house; chronic respiratory illnesses, especially in children—a way of life for them, really; and not least, case after case of rotted teeth, and gums badly swollen and infected. If one leaves the clinic and goes into the homes, the sight of ailing children, ailing older people, the sight, specifically, of poor teeth, running noses, jaundiced eyes, malfunctioning joints or limbs, becomes a cumulative judgment on this rich and powerful nation: the continuing, terrible human waste.

In Haywood County we visited a rural dental clinic, organized and run by young people, both undergraduates and dental students, with some supervisory help from the teachers of the latter. All their lives the people of the county had accepted the absence of dental care as inevitable; when it arrived, though, they responded enthusiastically, gratefully. A white third-year nursing student at Vanderbilt, Jamie Gooch, of middle-class Indianapolis background, quietly and self-effacingly showed us what she and others were doing. Working in an old white frame school building, they had installed dental chairs and equipment, then (through house-to-house visits) aroused wide interest and participation in the survey work of the clinic, and in the limited remedial work offered.

This was the second summer in rural Tennessee for Jamie Gooch, the second summer of living with black people and "making the rounds." Her reflections are not unlike those of an earlier generation of white, Northern-born students who went South to Mississippi, Alabama or Louisiana in 1964 or 1965:"It's hard living at first, because you come from a different world. My father is a chemist. I've had a comfortable life. I was brought up in the city. I'm not very political; but I want to be of help to people who have a lot less than me. Last summer my parents were afraid; they thought I'd get hurt down here. This summer they came down to visit me, and we all got on fine. The people here—they work all day and way into the night. Some of them tend to their crops; others go to Memphis and have jobs as janitors or garbage men, and then they come home and work their land in the evening. They don't do anything but bend their backs or lift their heads up to God—labor and prayer, that's their life.

"A lot of them had never been to a dentist. We've only made a start. We've been surveying the condition of their teeth, and doing extracting. We're going to try to arrange for the more complicated work to be done in Memphis. We'll drive the people who have no other way to get there. In the last five weeks we've seen over

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

250 people—mostly blacks, but some white people, too. We have been overwhelmed with requests fo help; once you start, and the people start coming, you just work and work. But we have no money for new dental equipment—and they have no money for private dentists; and it's not so easy to get them dental clinic appointments in Memphis, or get them there during the week. These are not people who have the freedom to make their own schedules. A lot of them ride the bus, rather than drive. A lot of them have no money at all, really. They are subsistence farmers, or they have jobs that pay very little, and whatever comes in goes out for the bare essentials of staying alive. For them a visit to the doctor or the dentist is an unheard of luxury."

As with Fayette County, unemployment or at best subsistence farming is a daily fact of life for many black families throughout Haywood County. There, too, blacks have twice the infant mortality rate of whites. There, too, blacks are poor and still without the political power their numbers warrant. In the classroom that has served as a dental clinic, an old sign has told the children for years that "average is the bottom of the top and the top of the bottom," but one cynical child regards "average" as "way up top," for reasons he knows quite clearly: "We're the bottom of the bottom here, that's what the teacher told us. I believe her. My daddy says the same thing. He can't get the price he should for all he grows, and he works sunup to sundown, and he's sick, but you can't stop just because you're sick. You just keep going until you drop in your tracks, that's what you do."

His father is one of many farmers who have joined the student-initiated Agricultural Marketing Project. All over Tennessee, especially in Nashville (for two years) and more recently in Memphis, students have arranged with ministers for the use of the parking spaces near their churches, so that, for instance, a farmer who had been getting a mere eight cents a pound from various wholesalers for the finest of okra can sell his produce for 40 cents a pound —and still offer purchasers a very good buy. On a hot, humid, August morning in Memphis we watched one such day in the life of a "Food Fair," as the Marketing Project is called in the leaflets distributed to people, the announcements made over the radio and from various pulpits. The building of Mt. Pisgah CME Church offered only limited shade. Across the street a sign announced "Bountiful Blesssings Mission: Revival in Progress." Nearby there were all the old mainstays of an impoverished, vulnerable black culture—the beauty parlors and funeral homes and package stores and small markets that cash checks (at a high price) and declare in bold, even garish signs the presence of various kinds of food (again, at high prices).

In contrast, the mixed white and black farmers and customers, so at ease both racially and in their dealings as sellers and buyers, offered quite another vision of things. And so did the student organizers. One of them, a young white woman from outside Atlanta, working all summer on the project, had this to say: "I've learned more doing this than I did taking those courses in economics and sociology! At Southwestern I wasn't interested in politics or social action. No one was. It's a conservative school. I got into this by accident; a friend asked me to help her with the publicity for the project, and I agreed. I think *she* had a friend who asked *her* for help. But once I met these small farmers, and saw what the Food Fair can do to help them and help the consumer, I couldn't just go home to Georgia for the summer and do nothing or try to get a job selling stationery or perfume, something like that, in a store. After doing this work, I can imagine the mark-ups on those items! Wouldn't it be good for everyone if we had more farm cooperatives and more direct contact between those who grow and those who want to buy so they can eat! Isn't that the kind of democracy Thomas Jefferson favored? But when these fairs get successful, what happens? The big wholesalers and supermarket people start putting pressure on the city officials to stop us. They go to the zoning people and say we're not supposed to be *selling* on a church parking lot. Then the ministers have to go fight for us! It shows we're getting someplace."

Thousands of families would agree with that judgment. So would 25,000 people in Tennessee, mostly, but also in adjoining counties of Kentucky and Virginia, who have had free physical examinations as a result of initiatives taken by the Student Health Coalition. So would local community groups, like Save Our Cumberland Mountains. So would communities that have turned to the student-run group known as West Tennessee Legal Services Project. We spent an afternoon with the students who make up that project—undergraduates from Vanderbilt, but also a student who had come south from Hamilton College. They were using the facilities of a rural Baptist church in Haywood County.

One drives down a dirt road, past a small, nicely tended cemetery, and a field with rows of cotton struggling vainly this year against a drought. The youths have a lot to talk about—the struggle, day in and day out, against bureaucrats, prejudiced law enforcement, a system of justice heavily weighted toward those with money and influence. One undergraduate, a native of Rolling Fork, Mississippi, gave us a breakdown of the "cases" he and others had worked with—troubles over child support payments, troubles with social security checks, troubles with food stamps or workmen's compensation or Medicare, troubles with insurance companies or with a deed, or with getting a birth certificate, troubles, even this that far away from the mountains, with getting compensation for a case of black lung. Will they do that kind of work later on, if they become lawyers? The students were asking themselves such questions. They were not inclined to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be strong on clear-cut, unqualified answers, but they had come to think about themselves, their own privileges and responsibilities, present and future, in a way not encouraged, these days, on many campuses—where courses in social ethics (once so much a part of the study of philosophy) are not very common.

Similarly concerned with their work, and wondering about their futures and the futures of various professions, were the youths we met at Copperhill, way to the east, about 60 miles north of Chattanooga—where copper is mined, and in the course of its extraction, large quantities of sulfuric acid is manufactured. The landscape is lunar: barren hills of reddish color; the smell faintly acrid; 50 square miles of environmental devastation, distantly surrounded by the thick green coating of trees, shrubbery and grass of the Smoky Mountains. Students all summer had been talking with miners, giving medical examinations in order to find out what damage, if any, constant exposure to acid fumes does to the lungs, sinuses, throat. There is extensive hearing loss, too, among the men—the result of the severe noise that accompanies smelting. It is the same old story there—individuals daily exposed to severe danger, and often enough hurt by accidents as well as the (literally) corrosive toll of a hard, brutish job, yet hesitant to speak up, fight back. Where else would they find work? Better to work and pay the price in health gradually spoiled—or even take the risk of health abruptly ruined—than go jobless. Those who come in order to be of help face, at best, a mix of gratitude, suspicion and resentment. What will happen if the studies being done show a serious occupational health problem? The owner, the Cities Service Company, a giant corporation, will not eagerly change its ways, extend itself warmly to its miners. One hears in Copperhill what one hears in eastern Kentucky and West Virginia: "If you're a working man, you don't have any big say. You're lucky to have a job, get a paycheck. That's the nature of things in this country."

Those last words echo in the mind as one leaves, drives off, once again comfortable, detached observers, ready to board an airplane, have a halfway decent meal, sit at a desk and write—no descent to the bowels of the earth, no sulfuric acid to inhale, no company bossman to keep a watchful eye on. For hundreds of students going to school in Tennessee it has been a similar experience in recent years—that of the comfortable outsider, who sees a lot by leaving one place and going somewhere else. But there has been another dimension to the efforts made by Square Mormon's "saving remnant." Those young men and women have had a chance to meet and know people who need help, a chance to be of limited, sometimes substantial help, and not least, a chance to help themselves—to grow, to feel useful—as well as to learn things not taught in universities, and not known to the rest of us who once went to college and are now well off and considered educated. In some instances—among migrant farm workers—the grim and vicious exploitation is often not at all obvious; it is utterly covert, even if hundreds of thousands of men, women and children are the victims. There are students of the 1970s who have tried hard to penetrate that particular world of migratory farm labor, and doing so, have met extraordinary challenges, frustrations, hazards and opportunities as well.

On the Brink of Ambiguity

China Without Mao

by Ross Terrill

Both China and the USA during 1976 look to their own body politic, and not much at broad world vistas. Yet from different starting-points. We focus on who the next President will be and now the list is pruned to two. But the election issues are as hard to sight as corks on a choppy sea. In China it is the personnel stakes that are elusive. The issues being debated under the orange tiles of Peking's palaces are, on the other hand, clearer than usual. And the "what" may be as momentous for China's future as the "who."

Glimpse six items that reflect what is controversial in China. The first is a visit to a primary school in a northern city. The place is abuzz with sport, science and language activities of a high standard. But party administrators harangue me about the evil influence on the school of "class enemy" Lin Piao (the former

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

defense chief and heir to Mao who lost his job and his life in a foolish moment of panic five years ago). It all seems on a par with blaming President Ford for humid summer weather.

I find a chance to ask one pupil directly (in Chinese): "Is there class struggle in your school?" The headmistress hisses "yes" across a heavy silence to the poor boy. But he remains awestruck. At length he squeezes out a reply that the sweating headmistress must find hard to grade: "It's difficult to say there is class struggle in our school, but it's also difficult to say there is not."

Item two: A chat about China's international economic relationships with a Peking official purged during the Cultural Revolution but now back in favor. I mention the criticism made by Shanghai leftists of cadres "who think the moon is rounder abroad"—economic officials who give a relaxed interpretation to China's sacred principle of Self Reliance, who wish to import more rather than less high technology capital equipment from Japan and the West. The Peking official does not reject the Shanghai slogan but he gently undermines it with two remarks:"Premier Chou's speech on the modernization of China's economy [at the National People's Congress of January 1975] inspired us all." After a pause he comes back to the Shanghai slogan: "True, the moon is not rounder abroad. But equally true, the moon is not rounder in China."

Item three: All over China the memory of the Cultural Revolution (CR) and its fallout is a divisive issue. Official Peking would no more utter a word against this crisis-turned-tradition than would Washington snipe at the Constitution. But the makers of concrete policies sometimes shudder at "excesses" during that storm of 1966-1969. An economist in Hunan complains that CR "confusion" led the birth rate to rise above the desirable 15 per 1000. Now-fallen Teng Hsiao-p'ing said of Chiang Ch'ing's militant post-CR plays: "You just see a bunch of people running to and fro on the stage. Not a trace of art. Foreigners clap them only out of courtesy." He strode out of one model opera halfway through muttering "ultra-leftist."

Item four: In the lovely old Shantung town of Tsinan a visit to a theater troupe. Its boss is a military man not well versed in drama (the actors sit beside him with glazed eyes as he briefs the foreign visitors) who was brought in to stamp out "the black line in art and literature of Liu Shao-ch'i" (head of state until knocked off his perch and labeled "China's Khrushchev" in the Cultural Revolution).

In four hours this army troubleshooter rails much against Liu but never once mentions the name of the illustrious sponsor of the *correct* artistic line: Chiang Ch'ing, Politburo member, for nearly 40 years the wife of Mao Tse-tung. That same day the vice president of the Shantung Women's Federation talks about the role of women in China. Asked for examples of females in leading jobs, she speaks of pilots and sea captains, but not of Mrs. Mao. Many people in China resent the way Chiang Ch'ing has climbed up on Mao's back since the Cultural Revolution to become one of China's dozen top leaders. They dislike her barbs against twice-purged Teng Hsiao-p'ing, some army officers, and the memory of Chou En-lai, who died January 8.

Item five: During the fall of 1975 a drive was mounted against the cherished old historical novel *Water Margin* because it praises "capitulationism." Mao was less concerned about the peasant character, Sung Chiang, having surrendered to the emperor 900 years ago than about some of his colleagues who would like to cool it with ("capitulate to") the USSR. A high official remarked evenly to me in Peking last September: "There are different opinions in China about this novel." The same month Teng told some New Zealand visitors that the *Water Margin* campaign had no one as its particular target. But in the next breath he blew the stuffing out of this argument by declaring that the CR—which he deflated by calling it merely "China's most extensive mass movement"—was also just a criticism of wrong points of view and not a struggle "between this man and that."

Well, the CR *was* a struggle between individuals. So in part was the modest *Water Margin* affair, and Teng was its big target. As the drive ebbed a bit in December an unprecedented step was taken in China's policy toward Moscow. A Russian helicopter crew, captured in Sinkiang province 21 months before and many times described as spies, were suddenly released, fêted at dinner by the Chinese Foreign Ministry, and sent home to the accompaniment of a stunning announcement that they were not spies after all. The People's Republic of China (PRC) has never in 27 years reversed itself thus on a spy case and declared intruders, arrested by Peking, to be innocent. Were there two views on the matter at the heart of the Chinese government?

During January and February, while Teng was in eclipse following his last big appearance as eulogist at Chou's funeral, a rash of stories appeared in China's press about Russian spies all over the world. In the eyes of *People's Daily* and *Peking Review* every last *Tass* writer and Aeroflot clerk and Soviet cultural attaché was a spy in the service of the global designs of "social imperialism." But Russian airmen in sensitive Sinkiang (it has nuclear weapons and minority peoples related to those beyond the nearby Soviet border) were *not* spies?

No surprise that the *Water Margin* campaign was revived in April when Teng was stripped of all his high posts. Or that Teng was accused of being ready to "give up China's independence." The issue of *People's Daily* which reported the April 5 melée in Tian-an men Square also declared Teng a "capitulationist" in *Water Margin* mold. The former vice premier was said to be

---

Ross Terrill, the author of *800,000,000: The Real China* and *Flowers on an Iron Tree: Five Cities in China*, has made four extensive visits to the People's Republic of China.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"furious" with the drive against the novel. He scoffed of its proponents: "They hear the wind and think it's raining" (*Ting dao feng jiu shi yu*). Tough nut Teng evidently thought Mao was jumping to conclusions in drawing lessons out of a Sung dynasty novel for China's policies in the 1970s.

Final item: The subject of Laos came up in a talk with one of a half dozen top government leaders who handle policy toward the USA. It was September 1975 and the coalition regime of Souvanna Phouma still existed. The Foreign Ministry man said he did not like the trend of things in Vientiane because "social imperialism" was eying Laos with a hungry leer. "China would like to see a stable government in Laos." I took this to mean continuance of the coalition as against a shift to a pure Pathet Lao regime (which has now occurred and brought increased Hanoi and Moscow influence). And is "stability" a reasonable aim for other Southeast Asian governments? The dour official lit up like a candle: "Certainly. In the era of superpower contention these governments need to pursue stability." I walked out of the Foreign Ministry recalling that I had never before heard a Chinese leader praise stability as an aim for Asia. But I did hear John Foster Dulles do so in the 1950s.

These six episodes sum up, I believe, the issues that will characterize the momentous months after Mao's death. From such issues was woven the political rope that hung Teng. Churning debate over them put a surprise man, the modest regional figure with every reason to be modest, Hua Kuo-feng, into the shoes of former Premier Chou. They give us clues to what lies ahead for Chinese politics and the role of China in the world.

Teng had become by 1975 the effective number-two man and number-two men do not fare well in the PRC. Chou was still premier but had cancer. Teng began to flex the muscles of his regained power. Like Liu and Lin before him—for complex reasons including his own lack of ambition Chou had never been an heir apparent—Teng reached the treacherous ultimate threshold of Mao's own supreme authority. Mao once more saw the fingers of a number-two man itching for the crown and chopped them off. *People's Daily* noted drily that Teng "got above himself in the past year."

A related problem for Teng was that he made enemies. It was not only that he had the strong will and abrasive ways often found among Szechwanese. He had irritated the CR left by rising like Lazarus from the political grave in which they laid him in 1967. Chiang Ch'ing felt this way. So did Red Guards who were thrust after 1969 from the center-stage of politics to the dust and drudgery of farms, while "revisionists" crept back to power in the army, the state-center and the provinces. Sharp-tongued Teng had quipped that CR leftists had "risen up by helicopter" while the correct way to get to a high job is "step by step." He talked always about "educating the young" and seldom about promoting them to high positions.

Moreover Teng had never liked the policies of the CR. Mao himself pulled back by 1968 from extreme ideas like remelting the big cities into "Paris Communes," and cutting out private plots on which peasants grow vegetables for their own use or private sale. I recall noting during my first visit to China after the CR, in the summer of 1971, the reappearance of "Liu-ism without Liu" in industry and agriculture (not in the realm of culture where Chiang Ch'ing bristled). I found a stress on "ultra left" errors rather than "revisionist" errors.

After his resurrection in 1973, Teng turned Liu-ism without Liu into Teng-ism with Teng. He put the flesh of high state policy on the bare bones of his brisk maxim, which had shocked the Red Guards: "Black cat or white cat—it's a good cat if it catches mice." He uttered the last word in blasphemy by observing: "In real life, not everything is class struggle."

So Teng went full throttle for modernization and trampled on fragile flowers of the CR. He did not nurture "new born Socialist things" like colleges that honor "red" over "expert," and model operas that sound like an editorial from *People's Daily* set to Tschaikovsky. He dared to wonder if China's paramedical "barefoot doctors" should not eventually get more solid medical training. He complained that if the Shanghai left kept on sniping at the "theory of productive forces"—a bread and butter view of socialism as dependent on material progress—then Chinese planners would wake up one morning to find that "nobody dares any more to grasp production."

The newspaper *Brilliant Daily* summed up the danger in Teng's economism: "The satellite goes up to heaven and the red flag falls down to earth."

The final reason Teng has become a Nixon of China—idly reading in the papers what a monster he was in the days when the papers used to praise him—is that he came to doubt Mao's view of Russia. At stake here is the changing meaning of imperialism. Has the USSR really taken America's place as chief enemy of China and world socialism alike?

Equally involved is the pattern of Socialist priorities according to which China is being modernized. Moscow is the great negative example of the satellite going up and the red flag coming down. But is Russia so hopelessly wrong—"Fascist" says Mao—that China must do the opposite of anything Moscow does? At this point the issues of Russia and of the CR are intimately linked. Those who disagree with Mao on the one tend to do so also on the other. *All* of the CR themes appear in embryo in the letters written by Peking at the height of the Sino-Soviet ideological debate during 1963-64.

It is not that Teng was pro-Russian. But as number-two man who no doubt glanced ahead to a day when he might become number one, Teng had to think about China's post-Mao policy toward the Soviet Union. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparently wanted to keep a door open to Moscow for various reasons. Peking-Moscow hostility has cost China friends in Africa, Indo-China and other parts of the Third World. And by tilting so far against Russia, the Chinese have lost some leverage with the US on Taiwan and other issues.

Parts of the army would prefer a more evenhanded policy toward the two Superpowers. Lin once queried Mao: "If you can ask Nixon to China why can't I ask Brezhnev?" During 1975 many pro-Soviet officers came back to high posts in the army. These include men who had served under Teng in earlier years, and men who had been purged for speaking up for military cooperation with the USSR in the mid-1960s.

To contain Soviet influence all over the world, moreover, is to crib resources from China's internal development needs. Steelworkers in Wuhan, China's Chicago, put up a poster questioning the sending of their steel to build the Tanzam railroad when underdeveloped China needs more railroads itself.

Why is China active in Africa? Mainly because Russia is. To cool it with Moscow would suit Chinese moderates who want more than anything else in the world to fulfill Chou En-lai's great call for the modernization of China before the end of the century. Teng's tilt toward butter over guns was expressed in a scoffing remark made to some American visitors last year about India's nuclear bomb: "What good is it if you don't have food?"

If Teng got out of step with Mao on Russia (and released that helicopter crew in December) he is the latest in a long distinguished line. Chou En-lai told me in 1971 to study carefully the editorial celebrating the 50th birthday of the Chinese Communist party. It traced nine big party struggles; a 10th was under way with Lin Piao as Chou spoke. In all 10 struggles, dating as far back as the 1920s, the issue of Russia was involved. Mao beat back one colleague after another whom he judged pro-Soviet.

Culprit number eight was P'eng Te-huai who went behind Mao's back to share his doubts about the Great Leap Forward with Russian leaders. Number nine was Liu, "China's Khrushchev," who wanted "joint action" with Moscow to help Vietnam (Mao confessed to Kosygin in 1965, during the last meeting he had with a Soviet leader, that "some" of his colleagues disagreed with his opposition to "joint action"). Number 10 was Lin, who died when fleeing toward Russia.

Someone once asked Mao when the polemics with Moscow would cease. "The sky won't fall, trees will grow, women will have children, fish will swim, even if they go on forever." Not surprising that Chinese leaders less bold and stubborn than Mao have had doubts about his view of Russia. The cold war with Russia *cannot* go on forever, Teng may have thought, any more than old Mao could go on forever. He didn't die in time to save Teng. Teng still may be back.

By April a rope from these various strands tightened around the short neck of Teng Hsiao-p'ing. The balance of forces and viewpoints had thrice tipped back and forth since January 1975. The watershed National People's Congress and party meetings of that month struck a note of order and stressed economic tasks. Chou was making his last big appearance. Teng emerged with a party vice-chairmanship to add to his high posts in state and army. Moscow's chief negotiator in the China-Russia border talks returned to Peking for a fresh effort in the wake of the meetings.

But Mao did not bless the January meetings with his presence. The doors had no sooner closed on them than a strong breeze began to blow from the left. Scribes of the Shanghai CR group wrote restless articles about "bourgeois rights" that still exist even in Socialist society and ought to be whittled down. Wages are still very unequal in industry. Money itself is a capitalist hangover that must eventually go. New class enemies will pop up and use these remnants as levers for turning the Chinese social machine back to capitalism.

Last summer I heard these themes set forth at the Shanghai Diesel Engine Factory. It is a pet plant of the Shanghai radical leader Wang Hung-wen, whose photo and messages adorn its bulletin boards. The politically up-front cadres here view bonuses in any guise roughly as Methodists view whiskey. The factory chairman struck a note of pride and challenge as I left: "We know not all factories in China are like us."

Indeed they are not, and most of the Chinese industry turned a blind eye to the "bourgeois rights" campaign so far as the real world of policy went. By late summer the left breeze had dropped. The pen of Ch'u Lan, pseudonym for a writer who expresses the ideas of Chiang Ch'ing, lay unusually idle. The crown jewel of radical doctrine, "going against the tide," was even criticized in Hunan province. Big national conferences on agriculture and coal suggested that Teng was giving priority to the economy. Chief of all the purged pro-Soviet military officers, Lo Jui-ch'ing, came back on deck in August.

But the reprinting of a Mao poem mocking "goulash communism" at New Year began a fresh militant current against pragmatism. Typically it arose in education circles. Typically it complained that "modernization" was being used "as a big club to kill the Socialist new-born things." Typically it quibbled with

To Our Readers

David Sanford, who has been on the staff of *The New Republic* for 11 years, is leaving to become managing editor of the bimonthly, *Skeptic*, in Santa Barbara, California. Associate editor Eliot Marshall next week assumes the duties of acting managing editor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statements made at the coal and agriculture parleys. The same month *People's Daily* made a fresh charge of "capitulationism" against Lin: "The anti-party crowd of Lin Piao openly announced they intended to enter into secret talks with the Soviet revisionists." The waters of class criticism swirled higher around Teng until by March he sank to the bottom of the well wearing the label "big unrepentant capitalist-roader in the party." He had become a victim of the succession bugbear; of his own peremptory ways; of being a pragmatist out of season; of thinking that détente with Russia might not be a bad idea. In the words of a Shanghai wall-letter he was "China's second new Khrushchev."

On a TV show a couple of months ago I was asked how on earth an obscure figure like Hua Kuo-feng could suddenly become China's premier. But recall, I said, Hua has been the governor of a rich and rising province (Hunan). Days later a Peking official complained to me that American politics is truly inscrutable when an obscure figure like Jimmy Carter can step from his Southern farm to the doorstep of the White House. "But recall that Carter has been the governor of a rich and rising province."

If Hua was not all that obscure, a degree of obscurity did work in his favor. The reasons for the amiable Hunanese's rise are the mirror image of the reasons for the high-powered Szechwanese's fall. Mao judged Hua to be loyal—they both have roots in the same district and Hua wrote the sensitive report on Lin's crimes in 1973—in a murky succession atmosphere where trust is in short supply. Hua is not scarred by as many past battles as Teng was. Yet he is not as young as leftist "helicopters" like Wang Hung-wen who abruptly displaced moderate officials during the CR—and thus made enemies of them. Hua survived the CR from the middle of the pack. He is solid proof that the age of heroes has gone in China for a while.

Mao seems to have said to the left: "You can have Teng's head but not the premiership." If the fall of Teng signalled a general policy swing to the left, the new premier would not be Hua but one of the Shanghai radicals.

How the Politburo handled the fall of Teng and the rise of Hua reveals some key trends. It was clear that Mao was in charge. Only the number one man can kick down an aspiring number two in today's China. Mao made many appearances in the months from December 1975. New quotes from him—always a sign that he is up to something—popped up in the press during the spring. Teng's fall and Hua's rise were conspicuously said to have been effected "on the proposal" of Mao.

However the zig-zags over 18 months suggested either Mao's role was intermittent or that he flashed vague signals that looked green from one angle and red from another. Between May and his death September 9, the chairman had pulled back and seemed more or less retired. This underlined how serious the 1976 crisis at the top of Chinese politics is. No matter how messy or risky the shifts in Peking have been since 1949, Mao's authority had always been there to set a limit on struggle and ambition. But that day is ended. How long will the struggle between these two factions continue now that Mao is gone?

A tone of caution and a lack of enthusiasm marked the campaign. *People's Daily* admitted on February 17 that the Central Committee of the Party was "split" and that may be the point. The campaign was not given a label that stuck. Everyone was strictly forbidden to go outside their own organization and form "fighting groups." Teng was not expelled from the party as top "counter revolutionaries" have always been before. Parts of China such as Shanghai and Liaoning province lambasted Teng with glee. But little was said in other parts, such as the south, where Teng was strong and Russian revisionism does not seem the most pressing menace under the sun.

Remarkable was the amount of quotation of the "bad guys" creeping into the press. An entire eloquent poem written by the Tian-an men demonstrators was reproduced in *People's Daily*. Their likening of Mao to the old emperor Chin Shih Huang whose day is done was noted. Also their cry for "genuine Marxism-Leninism" (a favorite Moscow phrase for hitting at Mao's alleged descent to nationalism). Either people of influence were sympathetic to these quotations, or the Chinese public was just too disquieted to be kept safely in the dark.

Here we reach a third trait of long term significance: public opinion is on the rise as a force in Chinese politics. With the fall of Teng it may have come of age. The eloquent, if black poem at Tian-an men put it well: "China is no longer the China of yore, and the people are no longer wrapped in sheer ignorance."

The Tian-an men melée was not purely spontaneous, yet many of the crowd of 100,000 were spurred by genuine affection for Chou and by views on his policies. *People's Daily* conceded as much in a remarkable May 5 article with the odd title "Use Revolutionary Public Opinion to Smash Counter Revolutionary Public Opinion." Bad elements were accused of dealing in rumors about a will Chou may have left that expressed Teng-like views. Teng was said to have begun his drive to turn back the left by "creating a counter revolutionary public opinion." Very different from Lin, who began with a secret blueprint for an armed coup.

Ordinary folk wrote letters to the Central Committee urging Teng as the new premier. Teng tried to start a new magazine to air his views. From its side the official media did not keep silent about Teng's fall, as it did for months about Liu's and for nearly two years about Lin's. On April 8, for the first time ever, readers of *People's Daily* saw a prompt detailed official report of a political quarrel that they could compare with the reality they had just observed.

Doubts about Chiang Ch'ing sprang up from grassroots China like mushrooms after spring rain. One

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Interview with Mao

Going to See God

The following is an excerpt from an article by the late Edgar Snow, *which appeared in the February 27, 1965 issue of* The New Republic, *following Snow's two month visit to China and a long interview with Mao Tse-tung.*

He was soon going to see God. According to the laws of dialectics all contradictions must finally be resolved, including the struggle of the individual.

"Judging from this evening you seem to be in good condition," I said.

Mao Tse-tung smiled wryly and replied that there was perhaps some doubt about that. He said again that he was getting ready to see God very soon.

"I wonder if you mean you are going to find out whether there is a God. Do you believe that?"

No, he did not. But some people who claimed to be well-informed said that there was a God. There seemed to be many gods and sometimes the same god could take all sides. In the wars of Europe the Christian God had been on the side of the British, the French, the Germans and so on, even when they were fighting each other. At the time of the Suez Canal crisis God was united behind the British and French, but then there was Allah to back up the other side.

At dinner Mao had mentioned that both his brothers had been killed. His first wife had also been executed during the revolution and their son had been killed during the Korean war. Now he said that it was odd that death had so far passed him by. He had been prepared for it many times but death just did not seem to want him. What could he do? On several occasions it had seemed that he would die. His personal bodyguard was killed while standing right beside him. Once he was splashed all over with the blood of another soldier, but the bomb had not touched him. There had been other narrow escapes.

After a moment of silence Mao said that he had, as I knew, begun life as a primary school teacher. He had then had no thought of fighting wars. Neither had he thought of becoming a Communist. He was more or less a democratic personage such as myself. Later on, he sometimes wondered by what chance combination of reasons he had become interested in founding the Chinese Communist party. Anyway, events did not move in accordance with the individual human will. What mattered was that China had been oppressed by imperialism, feudalism and bureaucratic capitalism.

"Man makes his own history, but he makes it in accordance with his environment," I quoted. "You have fundamentally changed the environment in China. Many wonder what the younger generation bred under easier conditions will do. What do you think about it."

He also could not know, he said. He doubted that anyone could be sure. There were two possibilities. There could be continued development of the revolution toward communism, the other possibility was that youth could negate the revolution, and give a poor performance: make peace with imperialism, bring the remnants of the Chiang Kai-shek clique back to the mainland, and take a stand beside the small percentage of counter-revolutionaries still in the country. Of course he did not hope for counter-revolution. But future events would be decided by future generations, and in accordance with conditions we could not foresee. From the long-range view, future generations ought to be more knowledgeable than we are, just as men of the bourgeois-democratic era were more knowledgeable than those of the feudal ages. Their judgment would prevail, not ours. The youth of today and those to come after them would assess the work of the revolution in accordance with values of their own. Mao's voice dropped away, and he half closed his eyes. Man's condition on this earth was changing with ever increasing rapidity. A thousand years from now all of them, he said, even Marx, Engels and Lenin, would possibly appear rather ridiculous.

Mao Tse-tung walked me through the doorway and, despite my protests, saw me to my car, where he stood alone for a moment, coatless in the sub-zero Peking night, to wave me farewell in the traditional manner of that ancient cultured city. I saw no security guards around the entrance, nor can I now recall having seen even one armed bodyguard in our vicinity all evening. As the car drove away I looked back and watched Mao brace his shoulders and slowly retrace his steps, leaning heavily on the arm of an aide, into the Great Hall of the People.

Edgar Snow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poster used a play on Chiang Ch'ing's name—"Chiang" means "river"—to honor Chou. "Don't let the river waters *(chiang shui)* wash away the memory of Chou," ran the swipe at Ms. River. (The full reference is probably to *huo shui*, an old Chinese term for a woman who causes trouble. Thus in "river waters," *chiang shui*, *chiang* would stand for Chiang Ch'ing and *shui* would be a short form of *huo shui*.)

Banners praised an earlier wife of Mao's named Yang, dead for decades, in a ploy long used in China to damn the present wife.

This honor paid to the second of Mao's four wives recalls an afternoon last year at the memorial exhibit on Mao's life in the pretty Hunan village of Shaoshan. I had seen the museum four years before and did not plan a second close inspection. But I noticed suddenly that Ms. Yang's pretty face was prominently featured, which it had not been in 1971. Whoever made that change did not do so with Chiang Ch'ing's blessing.

Public opinion as a political force has grown especially fast this year because the succession is a universal issue accessible to all. Everyone thinks about it; official ideology has no answer to it. Mortality itself—not a class enemy—brings on the crisis. The person in the street understands this and can chat about it. One poem at Tian-an men voiced the shared dilemma of the Chinese people: "A generation of heroes created this world. A million people worry—who will succeed them?"

A fourth feature of how Teng fell is that the PLA did not play a big role in it. Not the army, but the leftist militia, with Shanghai as its model, put down the Tian-an men melée. It lasted 14 hours; the PLA could have squashed it in one. Amazingly, the *People's Daily* wrote of rioters who "sported a crew cut"—pejorative slang in China for soldiers. If PLA officers found that provocative, they resisted temptation and have kept a lów profile.

The army keeps its fingers out of politics partly because it burned them doing the opposite in Lin's era. But some of the PLA are also dubious about the case against Teng. Many "rightist" officers have come back since the CR ended and Lin fell. Some had been accused of leaning to the Soviet Union, like the former chief of the general staff, Lo Jui-ch'ing. Others had suppressed Red Guards in the name of order, like the former commander at Wuhan, Ch'en Tsai-tao.

The PLA seems a bit divided on the Teng affair as it was on the CR. Some officers, mainly in the navy and air force, support the left, as some did at the climax of the CR, and as a similar lineup backed Lin's coup. But these are a minority. Most PLA leaders had nothing against Teng's policies, whether on "private plots" or toward Russia. Some old marshals have said so forthrightly.

Moreover Teng was not involved—being in the doghouse at the time—in the witchhunt against Lin sympathizers within the PLA during 1972 and 1973. Soldiers who resented this for purely professional reasons blamed some moderates, but not Teng. Chiang Ch'ing and her Shanghai friends try to coax the People's Liberation Army leftward. But so far with little success. Soldiers are at present on the side of order at home and peace abroad.

Final trait of the Teng crisis: *principle has lost ground to prejudice in the Politburo.* Mao always said that struggle should be based on line and not on personality. In this respect PRC practice, too, marks an immense advance over most of the dynasties, the warlord era, and Chiang Kai-shek's rule. Yet since the CR, politics has been colored by personality far more than from 1949 to 1966.

Back in January 1967, Chou En-lai strode to the microphone to address a CR rally. The Red Guard crowd was flushed with excitement. Red Book in hand; fire in the eyes; armbands that gave an impression of self-importance. The cry went up: "Down with Liu! Down with Teng!" Chou turned his back on the audience. He only began his speech after the Red Guards had adjusted the slogan to "Down with the reactionary line of Liu and Teng."

The issues between Teng and the left are worthy of debate and have received some. But a few scribes in cultural circles have dipped their pens in the ink of innuendo. Trivia stinking of personal rivalry has been tossed about. Teng was supposed to have said that "tickets are never even sold out" for Chiang Ch'ing's model plays and operas. At a high level it was joked that Teng—whose wife's family had a pre-Liberation interest in a pork factory in the southwest—"can always go back to Kunming and run his ham shop." He was ridiculed as a "three-headed monster."

People's Daily found it relevant to mention that a bad element in the Tian-an melée was "wearing spectacles." (And the paper never once mentioned that the original act at Tian-an men, placing wreathes to Chou En-lai at the Monument to the People's Heroes on the occasion of Spring Festival, was in itself a valid one.) Maybe Mrs. Mao does not draw the distinction Chou drew in 1967. For this reason, over and above policy views, the selfless and self-assured Chou is already being missed in Peking's too-personalized politics. Maybe also the old warrior, the late Chu Teh, who exclaimed in 1959 when

COMING:
Thomas Szasz on
Male Women,
Female Men

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fights began to break out at the top of the party: "And to think that we once all ate out of the same dish!"

The issues of Chinese politics have been caught up, like a cotton thread bunched at the eye of a needle, but are now being pulled through to sew a new patch on the Chinese political process. The options have been spelled out in the struggle over Teng. The likely outcomes can be broadly sketched.

Chinese politics is moving from the age of heroes to the age of administrators. One man giving the nod among breathtaking options gives way to a committee slicing salami. No one will or should replace Mao. Now that the revolution is made, another bold Maker would be as out of place as a sculptor on an assembly line.

Now that Mao is dead, the left will probably lose strength. Chiang Ch'ing in particular will be in a threatened position. The left is not going to win out on policy during the first post-Mao decade.

That Chiang Ch'ing may fall does not undermine, but rather confirms, the point that "what" issues will edge out "who" issues. Her role was special to the span of Mao's life. She is resented because she entered the halls of power through the back door of marriage rather than the front door of merit. Her attacks against "pragmatists" will cease, now that the chairman is no longer there to pass the ammunition and guarantee her use of the gun.

Moreover the left will not find it easy to gainsay two ongoing trends. Many young moderns find the effort to whip up eternal waves of revolution a bit beside the point. And China will find it desirable, in order to achieve its stated goal of quick modernization, to continue the international economic involvement that grew so fast in the 1970s.

If there comes a shift in the balance of groups who make up the top leadership, the most likely gainer is not the left but the military. This would further carry policy to the moderate side. The rank and file of the PLA are peasants. Its political impulse has never been to push cautious farmers as quickly toward utopian goals as city theorists might think fit.

So we may find, a decade from now, Chinese plays and stories and school curricula less charged with a political message than they have been since 1966. We will see China's foreign trade make zig-zags but basically go on rising (it quadrupled to $15 billion between 1969 and 1975). More high technology goods will be sought from Japan and the West. Chinese oil will swell Peking's import earnings. So will light manufactures for department stores in the Third World. In turn China will buy planes, truck plants, specialty steels, equipment for tapping its vast mineral resources. Cadres now called "slaves to foreign things" may hit the dust but their views will endure.

To facilitate foreign economic activity, China will go on doing things Teng did: extend banking links, remodel ports, teach its youth foreign languages, expand its air network, get short-term loans by schemes of "deferred payment" and by paying eight percent interest to Hong Kong residents who open time accounts in Chinese *yuan*.

China can be expected to cool it with the USSR—if Moscow gives it half a chance to. Other foreign policy adjustments would follow. The link with the US will certainly not be cut. However, Washington's leverage with Peking on Taiwan and other issues will be less if Peking-Moscow détente comes.

China may be more selective about its role as spokesman for the Third World, which fragments by the month. In Asia, China will emerge as the major influence. Elsewhere a reduced passion for swiping at Russia might result in a phase of benign neglect. Steel needed at home, for instance, is less likely to be spared for new railroads in Africa or Latin America.

At the conceptual level a foreign policy change will come. Younger Chinese leaders will not continue to see imperialism as the overriding world trait. Nor can they go on forever viewing their own formidable land as victim, as valiant David pitted against the Goliath of the superpowers, as the authentic voice of the dispossessed. I do not say that China will join the establishment. Such an entity is a mirage seen only by those far off. And even a development-minded China will not embrace shared values to the point of joining hands with other giants to boss the world.

Nor, though, will the Chinese hold forever to the revolutionary world view arrogant imperialism helped implant in Mao's generation. Revolution may be socialism's overture, but it does not by itself define the positive goals of socialism.

China under Mao got itself together and stood up proudly in the world. Economic progress was sound in nature and brisk for a land of such ponderous size. Social reorganization has given the ordinary person a chance for self-fulfillment; bringing health care, basic education, a new deal for women, a degree of equality of condition that makes a community of the people.

At the same time, the succession crisis is a serious one. China's political system (like that of other Marxist states) does not seem able to transfer power and deal with conflict within settled rules.

And now that Mao has gone, someone may dare to sweep away ideological cobwebs and rethink Marxism for an era when Socialist power is secure. Poor Teng is now accused of having made an apt remark: "One mustn't always trot out ready-made terms but should say something new."

In foreign policy Peking stands at a crossroad. China's past, forced isolation was galling but it was pristine. Her new influence in the world is satisfying but it requires unaccustomed choices among shades of gray. To Mao this might have been disturbing but he ought to have counted it an achievement. China's success, Mao's also, has brought it to the brink of ambiguity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

National Romances

Cousin, Cousine (Libra). Every country of cultural consequence has its own romances, fictions about itself that it believes and wants the world to believe. The truth of the matter, even as known to the particular nationals, is irrelevant. In France one such romance is that the French put happy sex above everything, that all is allowed and forgiven to happy sexual love. Jean-Charles Tacchella, a critic and screenwriter since the early 1950s who has been making films for the last six years, has written and directed his second film to celebrate that French romance.

Tacchella's novelty—in fact, his insurance for wide audience embrace—is to make his lovers mature: they are close to 40, married (to others of course), and both are parents. So when we see these two dance together for the first time, go on their first secret date, stuff themselves with pastry, swim in a pool, shop together, run hand in hand through the sunlight, we don't dismiss or patronize it as Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland stuff: we can think, "These people know the score, so if it's possible for them, it's possible for me after I'm married." Or, "Even though I'm married." Tacchella is old enough to fantasize at the post-youth level: so these two can eat all that pastry without gaining weight, can make love for two days more or less continually without getting fatigued, can find a luxurious *maison de rendezvous* just when they need it, the man can have apparently inexhaustible money although he's a vocational gadfly. Everything is free, everything is easy, because the national romance says that if they are happy in the sack France will permit and applaud. Even at a family Christmas party (the pair are cousins by marriage and met at a family party in the beginning) when the pair retire to a bedroom for hours, their privacy is protected by the others from the man's wife and the woman's husband; and when the pair emerge from the bedroom to announce that they're leaving together, they depart with the blessings of most of the company—and of the French national romance.

It's all utter nonsense, of course, made very enjoyable by the skills of everyone involved. As the two lovers Marie-Christine Barrault and Victor Lanoux could not be bettered. Barrault, niece of *the* Barrault, has just the right slight thickening of the figure, the gentle womanliness. Lanoux has slightly homely good looks and virile patience and one of those voices—those French male voices that could seduce a stone. (Though I can't imagine his wanting to.) Guy Marchand, as Barrault's compulsively philandering husband, is right on the edge of attractiveness: we can understand why she married him but we also understand why she turns to Lanoux. Marie-France Pisier gives the best performance, in the difficult, ungrateful role of Lanoux's neurotic but doggedly cheerful wife.

The "score" by Gerard Anfosso is built on the Georges Delerue *(Jules and Jim)* plan: a couple of taking tunes that can be endlessly and aptly varied. The hidden hero of the film is the cinematographer Georges Lendi, whose lighting of such scenes as the initial dance in the empty ballroom, the swimming pool, the *luxe* bedroom, goes a great way toward persuading us to enjoy ourselves. Tacchella and his editor Agnes Guillemot seize on all these matters happily. If I had to pick a single influence on Tacchella's work, it would be Claude Chabrol—not in subject (they couldn't be further apart, even in their views of sexuality) but in his incisiveness and parsimony and in the quality of his editing: the astringent ending of scenes, the sudden closeups of a lamp in a room or of a woman looking at a sleeping child at a party, which are irrelevant, strictly speaking, but which help to certify mood and the texture of the environment.

Kaseki (New Yorker). One of Japan's national romances is with death. How could it be otherwise in a culture where suicide is an honorific? Masaki Kobayashi has turned to the death-romance in this three-and-a-half-hour film *(sic)*, with a script by Shun Inagaki. When the central plot device was revealed, fairly early, I could only wonder at Kobayashi's intrepidity. When the picture was over, I was worrying about other things.

Like Kurosawa's magnificent *Ikiru*, this is about a man who discovers that he has terminal cancer—except that Kurosawa tells you that fact in the first two seconds and except that Kobayashi finds a way out for his protagonist at the end. Still for a Japanese to make a film on that idea at all nowadays is rather like an American making a film today about a young multimillionaire who finds a newspaper among his many inheritances and uses it as a means to political power.

Kobayashi has a very considerable reputation in Japan. *Harakiri* and *Kwaidan*, neither of which I've seen, are his best-known films in the US, but he has made a trilogy called collectively *The Human Condition* which reliable people esteem highly as a statement of wartime life and postwar political disillusion. Since that trilogy (1959-61) runs some nine hours, I thought that this relatively brisk item, whose length I knew in advance, would be worth the time it would take.

If *Kaseki* (1974) had been only half as long, it wouldn't have been much better, but the few things it accomplishes would be less encumbered by our weariness. For me this film was not very interesting in its realization of the waste/futility of life or even in its handling of the central romance—a complicated symbology in which a beautiful Japanese woman in modern dress becomes the dream-figure of Death in traditional Japanese dress. Nor even in the symbolism of the title which means "fossil" and is taken from the idea that certain building-stone is made of millions of compressed ancient fossils, thus one insignificant life finds its place in etc., etc.

Films Worth Seeing

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings. Warm sprawling fun about black baseball players pre-Jackie Robinson.

The Clockmaker. French film about the father of a young murderer and the detective in charge of the case. Politically glib but exceptionally moving.

The Shootist. Clunky Western script but John Wayne presents John Wayne Incorporated very nicely. James Stewart jimmies open a supporting role.

Silent Movie. Mel Brooks' best—less frenetic, so amusing much of the time, with a kind of companionable charm.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only really interesting aspect of *Kaseki* is tangential: it's the first Japanese film I've seen about a Japanese in Europe. The protagonist is a rich man who's gone abroad—in fact he learns of his disease in Paris. The encounter of this 60-ish intelligent but unesthetic man with Paris, with Vezelay, with Cordoba, the way he pulls everything into his own cultural perimeters translating it all into metaphors of quiet, was revealing. This is helped by the strong performance of Shin Saburi as the apparently doomed tycoon. Saburi, who was in a number of Ozu films including *Late Autumn*, is one of those film actors who deal economically with you: they give you just enough in (immediately credible) action and inflection to convince you that you're getting surface markers of something truly deep.

But even Saburi's performance can't sustain the length of this film, particularly since it concludes by airily tossing away the premise on which it tried to build tension.

Belated Obituary Note. " . . . we used to rush directly from the lunchroom to 'our' place in the farthest corner of the school grounds, where, hidden under a cluster of trees, we would act our version of *The Nibelungs* . . . which every one of us had seen. Not so much *seen* as lapped up. We were absolutely crazy about that movie. . . ."

"Klein-Rogge is remembered most of all for his role as Dr. Mabuse. You were meant to think of Hugo Stinnes, the tireless operator behind the scenes of apparent Inflation, apparent history: gambler, financial wizard, arch gangster. . . ."

The first quotation is from Lilli Palmer's autobiography *Change Lobsters and Dance*, where she speaks of her Berlin schooldays in the 1920s. The second is from Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* (1973). Both deal with Fritz Lang films. (Pynchon uses Lang figures throughout.)

The range of those quotations epitomizes the accomplishment of the German director who died on August 2 aged 85. (Actually, like G.W. Pabst, another great "German" director, he was born Austrian.) Beyond his extraordinary accomplishments in formal cinematic terms, Lang scratched highly personal images of the world on our collective unconscious.

The Whiteman Revival

Paul Whiteman has not been treated kindly by history. At his peak, in the late '20s, he had the most famous band in the country. It toured extensively in private railroad cars, was cheered at whistle-stops, and played everywhere to capacity audiences. The depression changed all that, of course. More important, by the late '30s a rising generation of jazz critics had begun to spread the gospel that the music of the so-called King of Jazz—music read from intricately contrived scores by well-trained and well-paid white musicians—was not jazz at all. Real jazz was improvised music created, with very few exceptions, only by black musicians, most of whom had had no formal training and many of whom could not even read music. Everything about Whiteman worked against him: his classical background (he had got his start as a violist with the Denver Symphony and had led an Army band during World War I), his complete professionalism, his enormous commercial success, even the fact that he was fat—which further helped to cast him in the role of bloated capitalist. Then too there was the burgeoning legend of Bix Beiderbecke, the great jazz cornetist whom Whiteman money had seduced into the band's trumpet section and who had drunk himself to death out of sheer misery at being lost and stifled in the gargantuan Whiteman organization.

At long last this judgment is being challenged.. In his excellent book *Early Jazz* (1968) Gunther Schuller, outgoing head of the New England Conservatory, became the first serious jazz critic to praise the Whiteman band. The best of the Whiteman records, wrote Schuller, have "a feeling and a personal sound as unique in its way as Ellington's or Basie's." In 1974 the superb biography *Bix: Man and Legend*, by Richard M

"**Timely**. . . .The story of the South has been captured in all its variety and complexity in (this) timely book that reveals the broad panorama of change through surveys of each of the 11 Southern states. . . . A rich tapestry of colorful detail written in a journalistic style that will be as fascinating for lay readers as for scholars."
—**Eli N. Evans**, *The New York Times Book Review*

"**Absolutely first-rate.** A month after the nomination of Jimmy Carter, presto, (this book) is required reading for those would-be Carterologists gathered in the salons of Georgetown and West End Avenue. . . Yes, you can learn a lot from this book."
—**Jonathan Yardley**, *The Washington Post*

"**A masterly account** of reality and change in the most perplexing arena of American politics. DeVries and Bass have equalled V.O. Key in the authority and clarity of their splendid work."
—**Theodore H. White**

"**Revealing. . . compelling.** Certain to become a prime source for all those who follow contemporary politics."
—**David S. Broder**

"**Definitive.**"—**Tom Wicker**

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SOUTHERN POLITICS
Social Change and Political Consequence Since 1945
Jack Bass and Walter DeVries
$15.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.

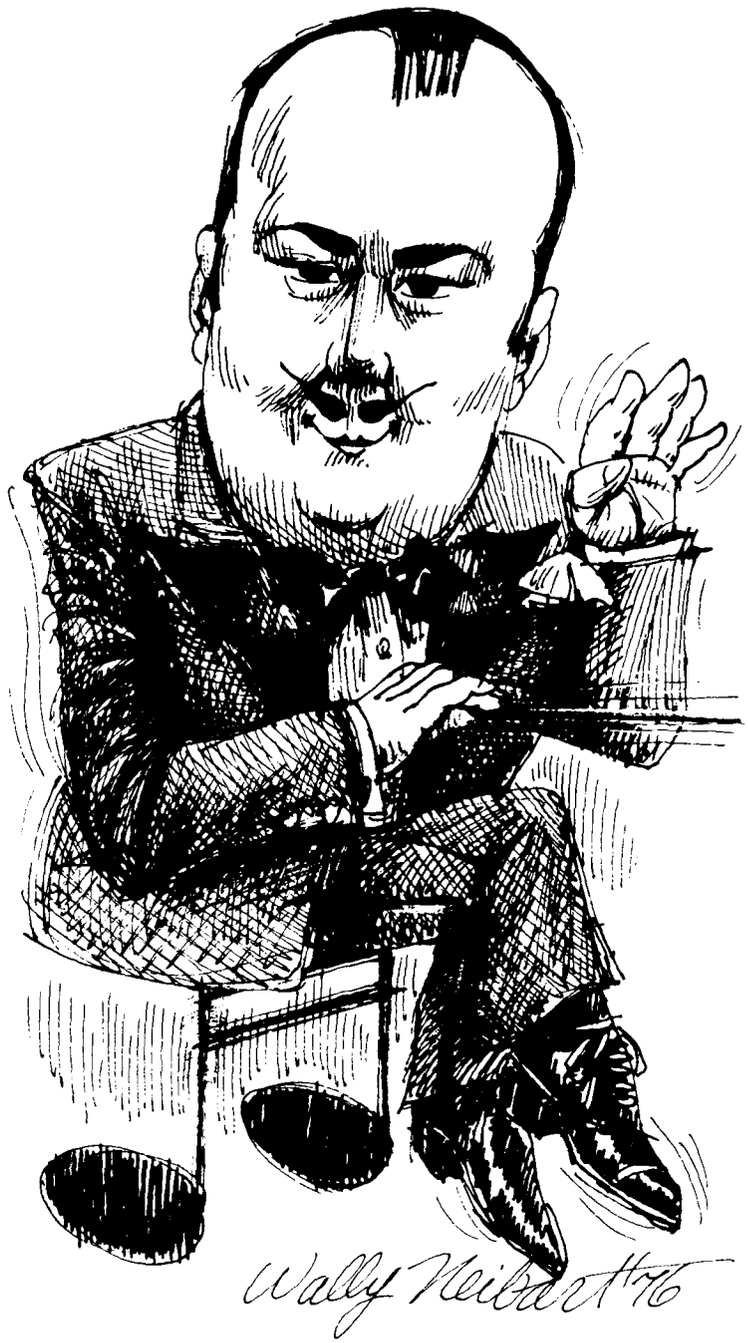
BASIC
BASIC BOOKS INC.
10 EAST 53RD ST., NEW YORK 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sudhalter and Philip R. Evans, offered not only more praise but also ample documentary evidence for what should have been clear all along from the records themselves: far from feeling stifled or lost, Bix loved the discipline and the challenge of fitting himself into the arrangements that had been expressly written to feature him, saxophonist Frankie Trumbauer, and the other refugees from the recently defunct Jean Goldkette band who had joined Whiteman in the fall of 1927. Bix's alcoholism was by that time firmly established, but he fought hard against it—aided by a couple of paid leaves from Whiteman and by the promise that his chair would always be open should he decide to return—precisely because he was very happy working with the band.

Both Sudhalter and Schuller have recently put their admiration for the Whiteman band of 1927-29 into practice. Sudhalter, an American who until recently was living in England, is a fine Bixish cornetist as well as an accomplished writer and journalist. While working on his book he formed a group called the New Paul Whiteman Orchestra, which in October 1974 gave a concert at the Camden Jazz Festival, playing the old arrangements with Sudhalter taking Bix's solos. It was a great success, a record was immediately made for Argo—now available in this country: *The New Paul Whiteman Orchestra*, Monmouth Evergreen MES/7074—and other equally successful concerts, broadcasts and TV appearances have followed.

After the hit Schuller made a few years ago with his Angel record of "Red Back Book" ragtime arrangements, he began to experiment with having specially chosen groups of Conservatory students play the arrangements of the great big bands—most of which had to be painstakingly reconstructed from the original records. An Ellington LP was subsequently issued on the Conservatory's Golden Crest label. Schuller too then organized a group to play the Whiteman arrangements dating from



Bix's tenure with the band, and it gave its first, enthusiastically received performance at a benefit dinner-dance for the Conservatory held last November in Boston. A couple of weeks later there were several recording sessions in Jordan Hall, and the resulting record was issued this spring: *Happy Feet (A Tribute to Paul Whiteman)*, Golden Crest CRSQ 34103.

This revival of Whiteman's finest music has been made possible by the foresight of Roy Lamson, now professor of humanities at MIT and chairman of the MIT Council on the Arts. Back in the '40s Lamson was teaching English at Williams College. A jazz buff and sometime bandleader, he had the idea of persuading Whiteman, who was a friend of his, to leave all his memorabilia—including a well preserved and virtually complete file of scores and orchestral parts—to Williams, which would then set up a special room in its library to house the collection. Whiteman was flattered and happily agreed. Thus it was to Williams that Sudhalter and Schuller turned to secure xeroxed copies of the arrangements, which were supplied to them by Professor Irwin Shainman, who became curator of the collection when Lamson left for MIT in 1956. As an experienced composer, conductor and instrumentalist, Schuller has ears sharp enough to enable him to transcribe an Ellington arrangement accurately from a record. But in emphasizing the importance of the Williams Whiteman collection, he told me that the enormous complexity of the Whiteman arrangements, which sometimes have eight reed players wielding more than 20 different instruments, would have made it utterly impossible for him or anyone else to transcribe them.

How does the music itself sound at this late date? Amazingly fresh, solid and bouyant. The "correct" attitude toward it has always been to deplore the violins and the schmaltz while eagerly awaiting the pathetically brief bursts of Bix and Trumbauer. But now that the jazz historians have done their work, and the once obscure black musicians of the '20s and '30s have been heard and appreciated, it is possible to approach Whiteman's music objectively rather than allegorically. No longer is it necessary (thinking of poor Bix's sad

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end) to hear the straight, non-jazz portions as embodying the evil forces of white hypocrisy and commercialism, crushing all that is true and vital in American music. Conversely, it is no longer necessary to hear those marvelous bursts of Bix as anguished (and futile) protests against the monolith. Instead one can hear what is (and always has been) there: a witty, inventive and stylish interplay between jazz and non-jazz, freedom and respectability, down-to-earth uninhibited gaiety and uptown sophistication. It is not surprising that Ellington on occasion expressed his indebtedness to Whiteman.

The Sudhalter and Schuller records are both quite good, but they would both have been better if they had not been made so soon after the musicians had first seen the quite demanding scores. A record of a Sudhalter London concert of last October, available in England and soon to be issued here, shows that his band has improved immensely. So has Schuller's, as was obvious at another Conservatory benefit this past May. The Schuller record is well recorded, though a bit softened and diffused. Sudhalter's is sharper and has more bite, but there has been too much monkeying with the sound—the drums will suddenly shift in mid-tune from one speaker to the other—and there is too much stereo separation, causing the various sections of the band to sound as though each were confined in a watertight compartment, cut off from the others. As the title of Schuller's record suggests, he is interested in making the music danceable. Therefore he tends to rush the arrangements, skating over the surface of the music and allowing the drummer to ride along on a large cymbal as was not in fact done until the late '30s. (He would not allow that, Schuller admits, "if I were being strict.") Still, the total result is delightful, especially when one is hearing the music live and actually dancing to it. Since Schuller is not working with experienced jazz musicians, as Sudhalter is, but with student instrumentalists whose main training is classical, the jazz solos have been copied note-for-note from the old Whiteman records. Sudhalter's record, on the other hand, yields the excitement (and the occasional disasters) of genuine jazz improvisation, and so gives a more faithful reproduction of the original Whiteman band. Because Sudhalter has not had to depend on the old records for the jazz solos, he has also been able to play some fine arrangements that Whiteman never recorded.

With all their undeniable faults, these records are most welcome and I hope there will be more. Modern recording techniques, even when slightly abused, enable us to hear orchestral subtleties that the old records, good as they were for their time and fine as they sound on good modern equipment, simply could not capture. Whiteman's band was not only an important part of what used to be called the American musical scene: for a few years it also produced music of great distinction that still stands up well after almost half a century, music in which arrangers and improvising soloists collaborated with rare success. When people think of the Whiteman band of the '20s, they usually think of the pretentious "concert" arrangements of pop tunes done by the band's principal arranger, Ferde Grofé (of *Grand Canyon Suite* ill fame). But the scores that Whiteman commissioned to feature Bix and the other members of what Sudhalter once nicely referred to as the Goldkette Mafia were not done by Grofé and have nothing in common with his work. The best of them were by Bill Challis, who also came to Whiteman from Goldkette and who deserves to stand with Don Redman and Benny Carter as one of the great pre-Ellington jazz arrangers. In the late '20s the whole idea of arranged jazz was new and fresh, and no one had yet learned to turn out the slick prewrapped cellophane packagings that were to make the Swing Era such a bore (not forgetting, of course, the miraculous exceptions of Basie and Ellington). The arrangements that Challis did for Goldkette and Whiteman, along with those that Redman and Carter did for Fletcher Henderson and McKinney's Cotton Pickers, constitute a very special (and largely neglected) part of our musical heritage. The late '20s were an exciting and experimental time for arranged jazz, and we should be grateful to Sudhalter and Schuller for bringing part of that time back into focus. Schuller further deserves credit for the (evidently) absolutely original idea that learning and playing the music of our best big jazz bands should form a part of the education of American conservatory students. One hopes—as he himself hopes—that that idea will not die with his departure from the New England Conservatory.

William Youngren

William Youngren writes on music for *The Hudson Review*.

Books Considered

Jazz Is
by Nat Hentoff
(Random House/Ridge Press; $10)

The Pleasures of Jazz
by Leonard Feather
(Horizon; $7.95)

Any critic carries with him such a great pile of personal baggage—prejudices, vanities, natural inclinations and received opinions—that it sometimes seems quite remarkable that in among all of it he manages at the appropriate time to find his typewriter, unpack it, and write down what he has to say about this subject or that. And then? The job done, he packs up the typewriter, and together with it and all the rest of his personal baggage, he struggles on to the next critical occasion.

What makes Nat Hentoff different from most is that he has always been quite frank about the contents of those bags he totes around, willing to throw them open when the occasion arises, for public inspection. Here, for instance, at the very beginning of his new book, *Jazz Is* (his first for years on the music that has occupied his attention from the beginning), Hentoff modestly explains his critical method, such as it is:

> *I have been writing about this music for some thirty years, and since I am not a musicologist my approach has been to try to understand the intertwining of lives and sounds, of personal styles and musical styles, of societal dynamics and jazz dynamics. I still find it ceaselessly absorbing—the music, its players, and the society which thinks them marginal as they illuminate it so penetratingly and sometimes so mordantly.*

"Societal dynamics and jazz dynamics." Not a graceful phrase, perhaps, but one obviously formulated with care to define Hentoff's specific attachment to jazz. He has explained elsewhere how his social concerns and his interest in jazz have mutually nourished one another, implying that without one he would never have had the other. To some he is the jazz critic who became a social critic. To me it has always seemed he remained a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jazz critic—yet one who has made it his job to follow the social implications of jazz to their logical conclusions. And I think the appearance of *Jazz Is* confirms that.

Jazz, that most personally expressive of all music, has always had a good deal to tell us about human emotion—rage, joy, contentment, all of it—but it speaks almost as eloquently in social terms of community and alienation, of adjustment and submission, of individual and mass man. Anyone who doubts this is invited to read the separate essays that make up *Jazz Is*—essays in appreciation of such jazzmen as Duke Ellington, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Gerry Mulligan and Gato Barbieri; and then—this is the important part—let him listen to their music. He will find, I think, that the nature of the man is reflected in the nature of his music, that not just personal qualities find their way into it but also the aggregate of his responses to the society around him. If this seems pretty heavy freight, then just remember that jazz began in America—and not in Brazil, or Jamaica or Africa—and ask yourself why. The music itself came to be as just such a response to a particular society.

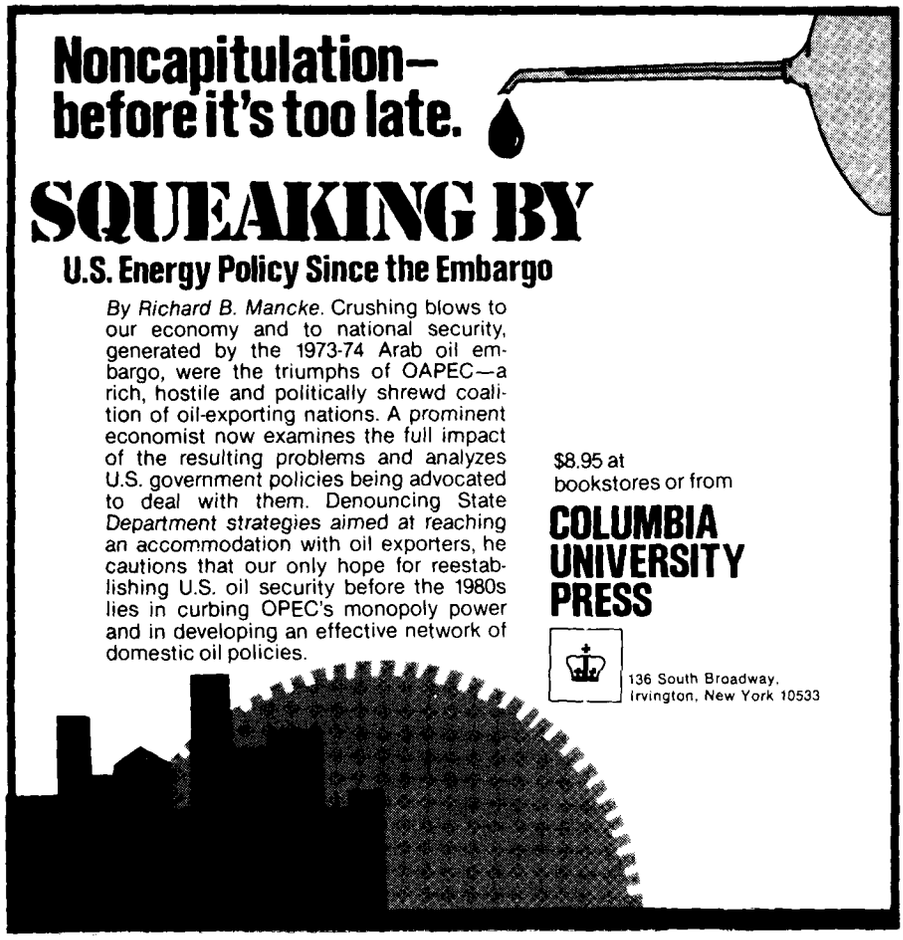
The beauty of Hentoff's writing on jazz is that even though his sense of the music as a social art is always there, he never forgets that *music* is his subject. He never fails to demonstrate his love for it, never misses an opportunity to communicate his enthusiasm for it. As Hentoff himself comments in passing: "Jazz is the Pied Piper's music. Once it has seized you, you'll never have enough of it. . . ."

It may seem odd, even beside the point to praise a jazz critic for liking jazz—why else would he be writing about it?—yet you get the feeling reading some that the music seldom lives up to their expectations: they feel it should take itself with great seriousness; it should be dignified; they look upon all efforts at popularization as vulgarization and resist them accordingly. Leonard Feather is one in whom I detect such an attitude. In his new collection, *The Pleasures of Jazz*, he comes on as an aristocrat, an arch upholder of standards: "There is often a tendency to equate pleasure with frivolous amusement. The truth is, of course, that the joys of jazz, though superficial at times, more often run demonstrably deep, and that the sensations they evoke are no less profound for being agreeable."

Is the style the man? In this case, perhaps not, for his is quite ordinary, no better and no worse than that of those journeymen journalists whose work crowds his jazz column in the pages of *The Los Angeles Times*. Feather writes a featureless, predictable prose that seems to fade into the wall when it is employed, as it usually is here, in the interview format. With the right subject—somebody with a story to tell and with whom he is in sympathy—he can be an effective interviewer. His pieces on Anita O'Day, Hoagy Carmichael and Mahalia Jackson are very good indeed. Yet too often the elder statesmen of jazz who amble through these pages say what they like and withhold what they wish: the tough questions usually go unasked.

Routine as most of these pieces are, read together there emerges a kind of theme from them—one put most plainly by Feather in a long introductory piece, a review of the highlights of the past 20 years in jazz. The mood is strained. Although he stops short of saying so, he clearly considers the '60s and '70s to be at best a time of trial for jazz, a period of exile in which its nobles, the grand and glorious old names of the music, have been driven out to wander in the wilderness by a raggle-taggle band of benighted usurpers, a musical lumpen-proletariat, the rock 'n' rollers. He looks back with evident longing to "the triumphs of the 1950" and "the belated recognition of jazz as serious music for listening."

Leonard Feather and one or two other die-hard jazz critics refuse to concede any good in rock whatever. (To his everlasting credit, Nat Hentoff has always kept his ears and mind open to the music of the younger generation.) Underlying Feather's severe question-and-answer treatment of younger jazzmen such as Donald Byrd, Herbie Hancock and Freddie Hubbard who have effected a sort of stylistic *rapprochement* with rock and reached a larger audience, is the implication that in doing so they have sold out. And notably absent from this collection, which purports to be a critical chronicle of jazz during the late '60s and early '70s, is any consideration of the jazz-rock phenomenon. As exemplified by the music of John McLaughlin, Jean-Luc Ponty, Weather Report and of no less than Miles Davis (barely a word about Miles in the entire book!), jazz-rock is the most important development since the Bebop revolution of the mid-'40s. At this juncture—and I think this is a particularly crucial period for jazz—any critic who ignores, or fails to take seriously, the merging of jazz and rock has turned his back on the


Noncapitulation—
before it's too late.
SQUEAKING BY
U.S. Energy Policy Since the Embargo
By Richard B. Mancke. Crushing blows to our economy and to national security, generated by the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo, were the triumphs of OAPEC—a rich, hostile and politically shrewd coalition of oil-exporting nations. A prominent economist now examines the full impact of the resulting problems and analyzes U.S. government policies being advocated to deal with them. Denouncing State Department strategies aimed at reaching an accommodation with oil exporters, he cautions that our only hope for reestablishing U.S. oil security before the 1980s lies in curbing OPEC's monopoly power and in developing an effective network of domestic oil policies.
$8.95 at bookstores or from
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
136 South Broadway, Irvington, New York 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

future of both.

The truth is that rock is the best thing that could have happened to jazz. Precisely when, in the '50s, jazz was at last being accepted as "serious music for listening," it had begun to lose contact with its disreputable origins and, at the urging of critics like Leonard Feather, began taking itself much too seriously. It turned inward. It lost vitality. It lost contact with the popular audience. And just then—not a moment too soon—up came a bunch of hip-swiveling kids from the South playing a flakey, funky brand of ur-jazz they called rock 'n' roll. It had been pretty simple-minded stuff, but gawd, it had energy—and that was what jazz needed and has, in the past few years, begun to draw from it. And today, too, it is toward jazz that rock is headed. As young musicians grow more musically sophisticated, their tastes will take them on to jazz, jazz-rock, or whatever label happens to be stuck on the bargain that will inevitably be struck between the two. The young jazz musicians of the future are playing rock today. And if that is not true, then jazz has no future.

Bruce Cook

Bruce Cook is a free-lance writer and author of a forthcoming biography of Dalton Trumbo.

V Was for Victory: Politics and American Culture During World War II by John Morton Blum

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

We all know that, when we come across a 10-year-old newspaper at the bottom of a drawer, we abandon whatever we were meant to be doing, and sit back on the floor and read it with much more interest than we read the newspaper delivered that morning. This is one of the difficulties which confronts those who write about the immediate past, the *times in which* they have themselves lived. Consciously or unconsciously, memory is at work; one cannot escape from its prism.

I could not write about the Italian-Abyssinian war without remembering that, as a prep school boy, I took the side of Haile Selassie against two gangs in my school that took the side of Mussolini; or about the summer of 1940, when Britain "stood alone" and, still as a schoolboy, I saw London burn and watched dogfights in the brilliant blue sky overhead, without remembering how wonderful it seemed then to be alive in my country's "finest hour"; or about the National Health Service without remembering that, as a young editorial writer, I argued for its introduction with passion; or about Israel, without remembering that I argued also for its creation, even while the Irgun Zvai Leum was blowing up British soldiers, and there were angry crowds in the street outside the newspaper for which I wrote. These are not events of history to me, but a part of my life, each of which calls forth some kind of *apologia* from me.

This is the only difficulty that I have with John Morton Blum's intriguing book. In a flat and impersonal voice, he gives us a very personal picture of years that mattered to him a lot as he lived through them: those of the Second World War. This is not a fault, only a difficulty, which must be borne in mind as one reads his pages. His theme is personal, and it is one of disappointment: that the America which has emerged since the Second World War is not the society for which he thinks that Americans should—or could—have been fighting.

While in its manner it is a work of history, in its argument it is one almost of disillusion, and even of nostalgia for what never was but what he thinks ought to have been. Fundamentally—and this is hardly to oversimplify—his theme is that, because of the way in which the war was conducted and "sold" to the people, a better society did not emerge, either in the United States or in the world, but only "a brave new world of worldly goods," because all that Americans were given as a war aim was a "decent, uninspired picture" of what their postwar world could be made, by them and their leaders.

It should be said at once that there runs through this book the voice—which we are accustomed to in all his work—of a man of distinguished mind and patient temper. In fact, of the two words I have used above, I am uncomfortable in speaking of his "dis-

THE LAW BROUGHT TO LIFE.

MILESTONES!
Two Hundred Years of American Law: Milestones in Our Legal History
Jethro K. Lieberman
This illustrated history recounts the twenty cases and events that a poll of members of the legal community identified as crucial to American Law—from *Marbury v. Madison* to Nixon's assertion of executive privilege.
106 illus., 28 in color $19.95

THE AMERICAN JUDICIAL TRADITION
Profiles of Leading American Judges
G. Edward White
"Dazzling....He takes us inside the judicial mind from John Marshall to Earl Warren and makes us see for ourselves what the job of judging really is....Brilliantly clear, always interesting and frequently amusing."
—Louis S. Auchincloss $15.95

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS 200 Madison Avenue, New York, 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

illusion," and feel more exact in talking of his "disappointment." He is not disillusioned in the values to which he has always held, not even disillusioned in the society which has not adopted them; he is disappointed.

For those of us who get more excited than he when we argue, especially when we argue from our disappointments, the voice of this quiet but most distinctive writer is engaging, in the full sense: one is engaged by it. One sometimes wishes that he would shout, if he feels so strongly; but in the end is glad that he has left the shouting to us.

In this he reminds me of one of the gentlest and most lasting influences on my youth at Oxford: Gilbert Murray, the classical scholar and poet-translator of the Greek drama and the purest of liberal humanists. On VE-Day—of all days—as the president of the Oxford University Liberal Club, I had to round up 40 hungover undergraduates to attend a luncheon where Professor Murray was to speak to us; and I will never forget the moment when his high reedy voice cleared the headaches of his young listeners, and made their bleary eyes bright, as he said: "We have used the methods of our enemies to win; now our serious fight begins, to recover our own methods."

The voice of John Morton Blum reminds me of that voice. But that cannot stop me from questioninr how he develops and uses his theme. For example, here is the sentence which most conveniently summarizes what he has to say: "In wartime. . .politics reflected as much as ever the many aspects of American culture: the conventions of literature and reportage, the messages of Madison Avenue, the seductions of affluence, the influences of big labor and big business, the necessetarian priorities of the White House and the War Department, and, not the least, the desires and anguishes of the outsiders, especially the blacks."

It is all true, but I find it encouraging. The resistance of private desires to the claims of war is surely one way in which democracies, although they may have to fight *total* war, avoid fighting *totalitarian* war. This is one reason why I am surprised that Blum seems to wish that the government of the United States had impressed nobler "war aims" on the American people. The war aims of democracies should be "decent, uninspired": to make one's home safe and get back to it.

As one would expect, Blum despises propaganda, and admires Franklin Roosevelt when he disdained propaganda. But "noble" war aims are a form of propaganda It is "noble" war aims which incite us to "draw up an indictment against a whole people," as Burke put it: to see the enemy as, not merely dangerous, but as evil; not merely Hitler as evil, but Germans as evil.

The fact is that modern total war is a great leveller: something which Robert Taft understood well as a conservative. In order to get millions of people to fight, you have to promise something to those millions. The "war aims" in the Atlantic Charter may read like clichés today: they were taken seriously as a promise by millions of people across the face of the globe, and their domestic version was taken seriously by tens of thousands of blacks at home.

Modern war is also a leveller because the huge productive capacity which it generates is then used to bring necessary—not frivolous—material comforts to millions of people in peace. Spears are turned into ploughshares. In disdaining material comfort too much, Blum seems to me to ignore the carrying of material comfort to many who had never known it.

I like Blum's book very much: it was worth writing, it is worth reading. But one cannot help noticing how often his account draws on the pages of *Fortune* and *The Wall Street Journal*, which of course will over-emphasize the materialism, the commercialism, the attitudes of business. There were other publications which saw the war with a different vision, which sought to use its opportunities to different ends, and which were not ineffective. From the Detroit race riots during the war to the "expulsion" of the Dixiecrats at the Democratic National Convention just after the war, did not something *moral* happen in American society.

It is not insignificant that the politicians to whom Blum gives separate chapters are Wendell Willkie and Henry Wallace. His estimate of both of them seems to me much too high. (Losers in politics usually deserve to lose). But apart from them personally, is there not a flaw in a perspective that gives weight to "marginal" figures *at the expense of* those who really bear "the heat of the kitchen"?

Henry Fairlie

Ploughshares

Mary Lavin
Seymour Epstein
Richard Yates
Maxine Kumin
George P. Elliott
Tim O'Brien
Meredith Steinbach
Ellen Wilbur
Deirdre Burt
James Crumley

Ploughshares is a journal of new writing, serially edited to reflect different and contrasting points of view. 3/1 edited by Tim O'Brien, DeWitt Henry and Henry Bromell, is a 184 page special fiction issue. Single copies $2.95, subscriptions (four issues) $8.00 from Ploughshares Inc., Box 529, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

The Family Arsenal
by Paul Theroux
(Houghton Mifflin; $8.95)

Paul Theroux uses a long quotation from *The Princess Cassamassima* as an epigraph to his political thriller: "It's the old regime again, the rottenness and extravagance, bristling with every iniquity and every abuse over which the French revolution passed like a whirlwind; or perhaps even more a reproduction of the Roman world in its decadence, gouty, apoplectic, depraved, gorged and clogged with wealth and spoils, selfishness and skepticism, and waiting for the onset of the barbarians." But he cannot fully accept the adjectives of name-calling; his England is a murky dream-land where it is impossible to define clearly the "barbarians."

The very first page of the novel underlines the drugged out-of-focus landscape. Hood, the American "barbarian" (perhaps), smokes an opium cigarette and gazes at the buildings around him. These landmarks waver; they change shapes to resemble daggers or matchsticks. They await his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exploding, distorted vision.

Hood is a former State Department official—he was kicked out for insulting a Vietnamese official—who believes that he is the "center of consciousness" (a James phrase). He rules the world. But even in his own household he is not the complete master. His mistress, Mayo, comes and goes without sharing her secrets. His teen-age "children," Brodie and Murf, care little about political change; they merely like to detonate bombs. Thus Hood is a displaced person; he seems at times to be as ghostly hooded as the landmarks he curiously shapes.

Theroux moves easily from drugged Hood to "correct" Gawber. Gawber is a stable, "placed" accountant who apparently accepts the structure of events, buildings, society. But he is also "barbaric" (in his consciousness); he longs for escape from routine into—what? He hopes for sudden deaths. At one point he looks out —visual details are emphasized throughout the novel—and sees "flocks of filthy pigeons, and people, who looked like pigeons." He "soars" secretly above the others.

Theroux does not settle for such easy contrasts. He moves back and forth from Hood to Gawber and to Lady Arrow and Araba Nightwing, the actress. He understands that "barbarians" cross boundaries of class and that, furthermore, society itself is a maze of confusions, theatrical entrances and coincidences. Gawber regards himself as redeemer (and destroyer): "The summer's disorder, those hot lazy mobs, made him wish for a cleansing holocaust—some visible crisis, black frost combined with an economic crash." Hood makes believe that he is the saviour of Lorna, his neighbor, and not really the murderer of her husband. Lady Arrow transforms sexual passion into politics; when she thinks of theatrical stars, she sees them as "gods moving easily from world to world. More than their friendship Lady Arrow wanted their loyalty. It would be like owning the priests who officiated at the public ceremonies of a popular religion." The entire world is a *staged* event.

The "actors" are mere puppets, however, because they lack the ability to understand the play in which they find themselves. Instead of creating patterns of revolution as they hope to do, they are twisted by outside forces; and they are caught. In one striking scene, Hood and Lorna go to the dog races. Suddenly he is unmasked; he is not the friend of violent Rutter as he claimed. The unmasking, the chance meeting—these occur under tremendous pressure: "the thunder of the train above the dogs' howls, the deafening clatter of the tracks banging above the railway embankment." Noise rules the melodramatic play.

Theroux believes that politics is a theatrical substitute for family life. His "barbarians" continually view themselves as members of a community—even the anarchists share this faith—but they can never do more than play at parental or brotherly (sisterly) roles. Hood feels like "a parent in a room of napping children." He substitutes symbols for reality, as he knows, refusing to acknowledge his reasons for "fatherhood." Although Theroux never tells us why such theatrics take place—we are given some blurred reasons for Hood's "fatherhood"—he suggests that "barbarians" must find substitute families (often grotesque) to compensate for the ones they have.

This insight pervades the novel. As the criss-crossing plot proceeds, we find that Hood's household becomes the focal point. It is a place of odd solace for him, Mayo, the children-bombers, Brodie and Murf, and for many of the other characters. It becomes a shrine, like the threater, if you will, and the faithful must enter. There are ironic turnabouts, as we would expect, and the house turns out eventually to be an *explosive arsenal*, destroying some of the family. There is even a suggestion

"This should be required reading for all those who think Rome was built by the helping professions." —*Psychology Today*

At San Francisco's Delancey Street Foundation, "rehabilitating" ex-cons means an unconventional blend of communal living and the work ethic, social responsibility and the profit motive. Now a noted sociologist has written "a penetrating look at Delancy from the inside, a book as absorbing and entertaining as it is powerful."
—*San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle*

Sane Asylum

Inside the Delancey Street Foundation

Charles Hampden-Turner

"This is a new sort of book: like Delancey Street itself, it challenges those pseudo-distinctions between understanding and responsibility which so plague modern intellectual life."–Kevin Starr,
—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"[With] no jargon and some wonderful descriptive passages.... Hampden-Turner takes the reader through the kinds of emotional intensity that makes Delancey Street so successful."
—*New York Times Book Review*

Illustrated, $10.00, at bookstores.

San Francisco Book Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that "normal," non-barbaric family life is itself full of violence. Hood thinks about the "routine of any noisy family, an ordinary racket." Is he biased? Or does Theroux himself affirm the explosive qualities of family structure which, after all, have made Hood and the others long for symbols of better life?

This is a brilliantly paced, wise, clearly structured novel. Although Theroux describes "dotty" and dangerous actions (or inactions), he refuses to yield to formless writing. He is in complete control (unlike his characters); he reminds us that art cannot be barbaric while it lovingly shapes the downfall of regimes—it finally cleanses us of family ghosts; it liberates us from sham revolutions.

Irving Malin

Irving Malin teaches at CCNY. His critical collection, *The Achievement of Carson McCullers*, will appear this winter.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

Member of Leading Hotels of the World

THE MADISON

Washington's Correct Address

15th & M Sts., N.W.,
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or HRI 212-838-3110 (Call Collect)
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

Slapstick
by Kurt Vonnegut

(Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence; $7.95)

This is Kurt Vonnegut's first novel since *Breakfast of Champions*, which was in turn the first book he'd written under the pressure of his massive and sometimes mystifying fame. An integral part of *Breakfast* was Vonnegut's mental housecleaning, the sweeping out of 20 years' worth of themes and techniques, characters and ideas. His imaginary family for all those years—Eliot Rosewater, Kilgore Trout, the citizens of Ilium, New York and Midland City, Indiana—were set free by their creator, who described himself as Count Tolstoi freeing his serfs in favor of a newer life for both.

But Vonnegut's artificial family was never more than just a portion of his art. His novels always included healthy doses of the familiar, mundane world. Vonnegut gathered details and events from his own life as well, such as his Indiana childhood, his wartime experiences, and his work as a publicist for General Electric, until they formed a mythology through all his books. Long before *Slaughterhouse-Five* made him famous, it was clear that Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. was making a work of art out of his own life. While others said the novel might be dying, Vonnegut lived the life of fiction, keeping both himself and his novels alive and intact.

"This is the closest I will ever come to writing an autobiography," he begins in *Slapstick*, which is published explicitly without the familiar "Jr." of his name. Without any of his old characters and with none of his familiar themes, Vonnegut's new book nevertheless returns to the greatest strength of this writer's art: the ability to project the big and little concerns of his own life into the field of imaginary action. What might otherwise seem depressingly meaningless becomes what Vonnegut calls "grotesque, situational poetry"—the slapstick ballet that artists such as Laurel and Hardy (to whom this book is dedicated) made of an otherwise vexing life.

Writing a book in 1976, Vonnegut finds much in life to lament. His own family, so long the center of his self-proclaimed middle-class existence, has been scattered across the planet—a planet which, moreover, Vonnegut fears is dying. His closest sibling and only sister, described here as the ideal reader of his books, died in the 1950s; her absence haunts this novel. His "home," Indianapolis, bears few traces of the once prosperous Vonnegut family. A trip back there with his brother Bernard, for the funeral of their last close Indiana relative, becomes the frame for *Slapstick*, a dream about the best and worst possibilities for life.

Families are at the heart of all these possibilities. In this prologue Vonnegut discusses the inadequacy of love and marriage as sole satisfiers of human needs, and how instead he's found better comfort in "common decency" and the warmth of large, close families. Both, however, are disappearing from our planet, with the result that two-person relationships are forced to do the work of Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles, Nephews, Nieces and Cousins scattered so far away. So he uses the freedom of fiction to dream up a better reality, a set of new conventions more appropriate to present needs.

Vonnegut's working title for this novel was "The Relatives," which is what his theme is about. His main character, Wilbur Swain, is the last President of the United States, whose political program nearly saved the nation. He assigns random collective middle names to all citizens, so that problems from social welfare to personal loneliness could be solved by artificially extended families, who would care for their own and provide for the common good. Swain's plan follows the natural inclination of people to band together in folk societies, following common interests as simple as the Mercedes Benz Club of North America and as complex as the American Bar Association. The novel plots the rise and eventual dominance of these families, from their implementation as an artificial scheme to their evolution into anthropologically valid units as the nation itself collapses. "The Raspberries," as we learn about one of the arbitrarily named families, "are food-gatherers, mainly living in and around the ruins of the New York Stock Exchange. They fish off docks. They mine for canned goods. They pick fruits and berries they find. They grow their own tomatoes and potatoes, and radishes, and little more." What first unites these groups is unimportant, as arbitrary as the cars they drive or professions they serve; what's important, Vonnegut argues, is that people need an excuse—apart from the usual one of common defense and aggression—for coming together and working toward the common purpose of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comfortable survival in an often ridiculous universe.

Slapstick is a deceptively short and simple book. Its readability should not distract one from the fact that Vonnegut has found a fictional situation which considers serious human problems. Life, Vonnegut knows, keeps testing us far beyond our limits of control, and long ago Vonnegut abandoned the doctrine of free will lest it tax us beyond all bearable responsibility. It often seems the universe *is* booby-trapped against us. But the lesson of such slapstick comedians as Laurel and Hardy, Vonnegut argues, is that against all the tests of their "limited agility and intelligence . . . they did their best with every test. They never failed to bargain in good faith with their destinies," however ridiculous, "and were screamingly adorable and funny on that account." Against the insipid madness of life, that's how Vonnegut chooses to be: unalienated, self-effacing, funny and comforting.

Jerome Klinkowitz

Jerome Klinkowitz is professor of English at the University of Northern Iowa and author of *Literary Disruptions* (University of Illinois Press).

A Voice from the Chorus by Abram Tertz (Andrei Sinyavsky)

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $10)

In 1966 the Soviet government determined that Andrei Sinyavsky, writing illegally under the name Abram Tertz, had composed a pamphlet and a handful of fictional pieces that tended, in the language of the USSR Criminal Code, "to subvert or weaken the Soviet regime." For this he was condemned to suffer seven years of the mindless brutality that the entire world now knows to be the rule in Soviet penology (a universal PR disaster that makes the pre-trial writings of Sinyavsky look like a species of boosterism).

What did he do while carting sawdust, sawing wood, loading timber, and enduring at night the stink, cold, noise and loneliness of the crowded barracks? He wrote three books, mailing them out in bi-monthly installments ostensibly as letters to his wife, which means of course that they duly passed through the paws of the censor. *Three books.* It is like flinging a man in jail for counterfeiting a dollar bill and allowing him while there to engrave, print and send out through the ordinary post a couple of million. One way or another I have been studying the Russians all of my adult life, but stories like this convince me that, so far as understanding them goes, it has been largely a waste of time.

Two of the books deal, respectively, with Pushkin and Gogol, the two complementary geniuses who inspired all subsequent Russian literature. These have provoked scandalized outcries in the Russian émigré press. It is a pretty fair rule that any Russian anathematized by *both* the Soviet regime *and* the émigré establishment—witness the case of Vladimir Nabokov—requires no further credential as an original genius. These are literary studies, and for all their heterodox shape and outlook are still classifiable as literary studies (the censor inspecting these "letters to his wife" must have thought the Sinyavskys the most cerebral couple since the invention of marriage).

But the third, *Voice from the Chorus*, is a book as resistant to classification as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, the Sudelbücher of Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, or Cyril Connolly's *The Unquiet Grave*, those great masterpieces of disjunction. The unforewarned reader who bypassed the blurb and the excellent introduction by Max Hayward would be hard put to make out what precisely is going on behind this jumble of voices and styles.

The structure and the basic device are actually quite straightforward. The structure of seven parts correspond chronologically to the years from March 1966, to June 1971, which Sinyavsky spent in three successive Soviet concentration camps. The device is that of a solo Voice (Sinyavsky-Tertz) that stands out vividly against a background babble of many voices—the chorus of other prisoners. These are distinguished not only by being printed in italics but also by their relative brevity, lack of coherence, and, as compared with the stylistic elegance of the foreground Voice, by their often vulgar, dialectal or illiterate Russian.

To describe this background would be to inventory the whole rabble of human types whose constant buzzing presence accompanies the placidly invulnerable sanity of the consciousness closest to us. It is alternately picturesque, absurd,

Challenge, stimulate and enlighten your students with THE NEW REPUBLIC in your classroom!

Special low rate!

The New Republic, America's leading journal of politics and the arts, makes ideal supplementary reading and discussion material for history, literature, government, international relations, economics.

You may order for any period from a single week to a whole semester or school year. Your copies will arrive each week—*before the issue appears on the newsstands.*

- *Students' Copies:* Only 25¢ each, for 10 or more mailed to the same address.
- *Instructors' Copies:* No charge.

Please mount this coupon on your school letterhead—or use your own official order form.
(Minimum order—10 copies.)

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Attn: Circulation Manager
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Please supply *The New Republic* at your special classroom rate, as indicated:

_____student copies weekly @25¢.

____instructor copies weekly, no charge.

From _____ (date) to _____ (date)

Name _____

School _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

☐ Payment enclosed: $____ ☐ Bill me.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ribald, pointlessly flat, obscene, hilarious, stupid, touching, cruel or simply ethnographically and linguistically interesting. There are little squibs of truncated conversation, single phrases, a résumé of tattoos on various parts of the anatomy, swatches of the protean Russian vernacular—but examples might save time: "Moscow is a capital city: people from all over the world arrive there in hats." "Would I have enough strength of will and courage to burn a cat in a furnace?" "In the dark smells are stronger, I've noticed." "Shut your great porridge-eating gob!" "What is Western culture? It's carrying snot around in your pocket: you blow it into a handkerchief and carry it about with you." "Oh, I did laugh in '59: a man fell down a hole, and then his wife fell in after him!"

In rendering this piebald linguistic backdrop, the translators have struggled with one of the truly unresolvable problems of their task, *viz.*, translating substandard speech. In every language community there is regularly one standard, but there are as many delicately nuanced substandards as there are provincial regions, occupations, lower classes, and so on. A burst of earthy Russian has to be rendered into some English equivalent, but which? Boston shopgirl? Southern sharecropper? Yorkshire farmer? Cockney publican? The translators, who have done an admirable job with the foreground Voice, Sinyavsky's own literate utterance, have inevitably turned the richly individual and living chorus into "great porridge-eating gobs," and kindred phrases that will strike an American audience, at least, as reminiscent of the London proletariat so strangely imprisoned in Mrs. Garnett's version of Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead.*

There are unacknowledged omissions in this English version (which I am at a loss to explain, since the French and German translations retain the passages in question), but it is in some ways superior even to the Russian original (published in London in 1973). The paragraphing is more rational, and there are excellent notes, many of them supplied by the author himself, which means that this book will be of value even to persons possessing the Russian.

But everything depends upon the Voice in roman type for which the italic babble in the rear is little more than foil. This voice bodies forth the endlessly attractive personality of Andrei Sinyavsky, a lion in the path of anyone who thinks he has understood the character of *homo sovieticus.* Now in his 40s, he is wholly a product of the Soviet State, of which he was for the greater part of his life a son of exemplary loyalty, having passed through the Komsomol, the University, and into the cushy job of literary researcher and teacher, with an apartment in the capital. Men kill for less. By some miracle, this normally stultifying experience produced in his case a mind of flabbergasting originality, fortitude and a sort of insouciantly gay independence. He has the ability to swing from sublime nonsense and even silliness to the profoundest meditations on literature and religion (Sinyavsky is devoutly Russian Orthodox, with a profound knowledge of church history and philosophy).

Some of the nonsense looks as if it ought to be in italics with the rest of the chorus ("I simply can't imagine why mice should have tails"), but Sinyavsky, whose isolation needs no underlining, is sometimes at pains to emphasize his solidarity with his fellow inmates, even with the proud class of professional thieves, which leads him to muse in a way reminiscent of Mandelstam upon the essential illegality of all genuine literary creation.

The comments on literature are profoundly original and amount sometimes to polished essays of several pages. He evidently managed to lay his hands on a few books, borrowed or sent from home. Not that he absolutely required them: in 1974 at the Sorbonne I attended Sinyavsky's lectures on modern Russian poetry, delivered without so much as a *fiche* in his hands and filled with long poems recited entirely from memory. A catalogue of the writers and topics treated with more than passing attention would more than fill the space of this review. Take the following purely personal excerpt as a sample of the way in which an attention to style permeates Sinyavsky's whole experience of life:

Yegor [his little boy] writes in his letter: "I want you to make me a picture of me and I shall make you a picture of a ball." A sentence superb in the elegance of its composition. One expects: "and I shall make you a picture of you." But not a bit of it—not "you" but a "ball"! The way that ball bounces back and forth from one end of the sentence to the other . . . .

Comparisons with his much better known fellow exile Alexander Solzhenitsyn almost insist upon being made. Solzhenitsyn differs from all the other great Russians recently expelled by their government in many ways, including the dimensions of his ambition. At times one has the impression that his unexpressed aim is to dismantle the Soviet regime and then, having combined in his single person Patriarch and Tsar, to oversee the millennial era in which an abjectly penitent world will lay aside the delusions of materialism and unbridled individual liberty and submit to the universal spiritual dominion of the Russian Soul.

Sinyavsky has no such ambition. Compared to Solzhenitsyn, he is a stay-at-home, practically a recluse. It was he, after all, who concealed his identity behind a *nom de plume* that he still uses, while the recklessly heroic Solzhenitsyn always insisted upon the visibility of a John Hancock. The primary motive behind Sinyavsky's duplicity is too obvious to mention, but in addition to his merely prudent concealment from the police, he evidently required (and

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

The Sharing of Land and Resources In America

Peter Barnes' six-part series on the distribution of land and wealth in America is now available as a 64-page booklet. Price [including postage and handling]:

1-10 — $2 per copy
11-50 — $1.50
over 50 — $1

Address orders to
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036
prepaid orders only
D. C. residents add 5% tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

requires) a quite different kind of concealment—that of the artist, the private man, the idiot, for whom solitude is a condition of existence. Sinyavsky is a Russian writer and nothing else. He does not know foreign languages, and if he is at home in the greatest books of the world it is because he has read them in Russian.

I asked him whether he had ever studied English. He replied that a Lithuanian had in fact proposed to teach him English in one of the camps. "But," he said, "suppose that by the age of 47 I knew enough English to read good books. How many would I have time to read? Some six or seven. And so I decided to write."

Exactly this sort of practical cogitation has gone into most of the decisions of his life, I take it, but the result of them all has been roughly: "I decided to write." If nearly all the writings of Solzhenitsyn have a megaphonic and public tone, those of Sinyavsky come to us from the quiet center of one intensely private being. Mandelstam once wrote that at a certain time the pensive citizens of St. Petersburg would have to go off to a Finnish village to think to the end thoughts that could not be thought to the end in the capital. Sinyavsky's aids to reflection consist of nothing more than a sheet of paper and the tranquil inner space where he confronts himself. "A sheet of paper is to me," he writes, "what the forest is to a man on the run." This exhilarating masterpiece was written by a man suddenly disgraced, bereft of his wife and young child, and packed off to a squalid life of daily humiliation and pain, which it ignores with a sovereign contempt, preferring to analyze the nature of Hamlet's dilemma, or the stylistics of a child's inspired sentence. Day after day, unbeknownst to the guards and their dogs and his fellow prisoners, Sinyavsky escaped into the paper forest of his erudition and imagination, there to inhale "secret freedom," in the undying phrase of Pushkin, beyond the reach of all authority.

Clarence Brown

Clarence Brown is professor of comparative literature at Princeton.

Apologies to Mr. Slesinger

Larry H. Slesinger, a student at Carleton College, coauthored "Terry and the Pirates" (*TNR*, Sept. 11, '76). His byline was inadvertently omitted from the article.

Correspondence

Entebbe: Pro and Con

To the editors:

I would like to congratulate you on the splendid "Comment" article "Thirty-Six Minutes" which appeared on July 17th in connection with Israel's clash with terrorists at Entebbe airport.

As you so aptly put it, "Israel gave heart to the many millions who had come to fear that no one would try to stop the cruel and habitual violence of the enraged against the innocent."

Israel's action surely demonstrates that the world community can effectively combat terrorism and hijacking and your own article will help this cause.

I.L. Kenen
Washington, DC

To the editors:

Your article "Thirty-Six Minutes" acclaiming the Israeli rescue mission at Entebbe airport unfortunately is an emotional over-simplification of the issues raised by this daring excursion and of the complex situation that would have arisen if it had failed. This observation is not necessarily to criticize the Israeli raid, but simply to point out the obvious which you chose to ignore.

Questions pertaining to sovereignty are not answered by appraisals of the character and suspected complicity of Amin or Uganda, nor are they dealt with by charges of French incompetence or prejudice. For example, what if a similar raid had been carried out in a somewhat more respected or powerful nation? Even worse, what if the raid had been unsuccessful and had resulted in wholesale capture and punishment of the commandoes by Uganda? Would you also as unhesitatingly commend comparable action by a less popular nation, such as South Africa or Russia?

These are questions which point to the important and perplexing implications of the event and which would have been deserving of some analysis beyond the simple rhetoric chosen.

Frederic H. Lawrence
White Plains, New York

The Classifieds

Personals

WOULD LIKE TO EXCHANGE LETTERS with an American student. New Republic Box 7775.

SINGLE GAL - middle aged, wishes to meet SAME, share recreational activities. North Bay (San Francisco area). New Republic Box 7770.

S.F. BAY AREA - woman, 38, slender, seeks single man who is interested in open communication, in touch with his emotions, has a sense of humor, is somewhat intellectual, believes relationships can be affirming. MBV, Box 763, El Cerrito, California 94530.

INTELLIGENT SINGLE MALE, 50 - would like to share living on beautiful Virginia horse farm with lady of equal interest. Rt. 2, Box 91, Gordonsville, Virginia (703) 832-2253.

DEFENSE FUNDS NEEDED BY PRISONER - books and drawings for sale by same (3 books $5.00). 1 black & white drawing 9 x 12 $5.00. Carl Harp, Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362. M. O. only.

$10 DAILY WRITING SHORT Articles at Home. Begin immediately! Copyrighted report reveals how and where. Send $1.50. HARCO, Dept. N, Big Island, Virginia 24526

ORIGINAL SPIRO AGNEW WATCHES - $19.95. Copyrighted collector's item. Supply limited. Guaranteed 2 years. Burketime, P. O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655

PORTLAND, OREGON - attractive, intelligent and witty academic woman recently moved here. Interested in good conversation, theatre, food and liberal causes. Would like to meet man in his forties with similar interests. New Republic Box 7760.

BLIND MUSIC LOVERS: Free Classical cassettes. Stamp appreciated. ARTCENTER, Box 8812, St. Louis, Missouri 63102.

CUT HIGHWAY DEATH-RATE by mandatory air bag in autos. Write Department of Transportation, Washington, D.C. 20590.

HEIRLOOM QUALITY toys - distinctive, intriguing. Free brochure. THE ROUNDABOUT, Central Square, Chatham, New York 12037.

WALK-A-MATIC PEDOMETER. Measures miles you walk. Scientifically designed. Special! $4.00 postpaid. BURKETIME, P.O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

JIMMY CARTER: Better read *Khrushchev and Kennedy in Retrospect* ($8.95, any bookstore).

NOTICE OF IMPENDING BASH - All-purpose invitations, 12/$2.50; Sample? 25¢ (deductible). Wry Idea, Rye, New York 10580.

CELEBRATE 200 YEARS OF PROGRESS With your very own "Swine Flu '76" t-shirt. 4-color design. So unusual it's being featured on TV newscasts. Send $4.95 and size to MEDIATION, Dept. 3E, 222 Stanley Hills Dr., Los Angeles, California 90046

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN' available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874

JOIN OUR GROWING RANKS and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure: NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC., 103 Park Avenue, Room 414, (R), New York, New York 10017

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245

MEN OF LETTERS T-SHIRTS: Plato, Aristotle, Nietzsche, Hegel, Karl Marx, Bertrand Russell, J.S. Bach, Gustav Mahler, Sigmund Freud, Hume. $6.00 each, 4/$20.00. Warren St. Press, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

WHAT ARE YOUR VALUES? Sixty illustrated cards identify specific VALUES and challenge you to analyze yourself. $2.49; *VALUE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 10300* U.S. 19 N. Dept. N, Pinellas Park, Florida 33565

HISTORICAL WOMEN T-SHIRTS: Amelia Earhart, Babe Zaharias, Colette, Susan B. Anthony, Virginia Woolf, Isadora Duncan, Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, Billie Holliday, Joan of Arc, Emily Dickinson, George Sand. $6.00 each, 4/20.00. Warren Screen Press, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help? The cost is low—$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

Peace Personals

IMPLICATIONS OF THEORIES OF *JEAN PIAGET*. January 27. Information: WPHC, USC, Los Angeles, California 90007.

Bumperstickers

NOVELTY BUMPERSTICKER - "Put FORD on the DOLE" - 50¢, 3/$1 + 24¢ postage. Box 4992, Columbus, Ohio 43202

IF YOU *CARE* IT'S *CARTER* Bumpersticker 1/75¢; 3/$2.00 Box 931, Richmond, Virginia 23207.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for Free Brochure. Price list and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114 Phone (314) 423-5495.

Campaign '76

VOTE MANEATER button. 2¼". Candidate pictured. $1.00. Campaign poster $2.50. Box 21783, Seattle, Washington 98111.

Don't Vote!

Don't vote for either Presidential candidate without first knowing where he stands on the vital issues which affect your income, your taxes, your freedom, your environment, your future well being. Now, for the first time you can see, side by side, the exact positions taken by both major candidates on over 40 specific issues by sending for your copy of Common Cause's "How They Stand." Available only by writing directly to the nonpartisan citizens' group Common Cause, Profiles Project, 2030 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Include $1 for postage and handling. (Note: All Common Cause members will receive this report automatically.)

Stationery

1000 LABELS $1. Your name, address, Zip Code imprinted. R. Plaien, Box 1062, Miami, Florida 33101

30 ALL PURPOSE GREETING CARDS - Intellectual Treat - Send $6 W. Weingartner, 500 East 83 St., New York, New York 10028.

GREETING CARDS—Rosh Hashanah, Christmas, general. International artists, peace themes. Catalog: Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271-N, Nyack, New York 10960.

Health

DOCTORS HATE FAD DIETS. So do we. We offer no slick gimmicks. But if you seriously want to get rid of excess weight and have it STAY OFF, we have a step-by-step program, loaded with motivation, psychological reinforcers and nutritional guidance to get you started and keep you on course. Only $3.95. Send check or money order to THINK THIN, Dept. R-1, 9531 Washington Blvd., Culver City, California 90230

Literature

QUALITY MYSTERY NOVELS - Used hardbacks. Price list, 24¢ Choctaw, Box 471, Ridgeland, Mississippi 39157

"EVANGELISM UNMASKED." Definitive paperback counteracting dangerous, rising Fundamentalism. $2.00. Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, New Jersey 07513

HOW TO WRITE CLEARLY. You write (on any topic), we edit, you profit. Introductory brochure, 50¢. Mail Mall, Box 245-N, Long Beach, New York, 11561.

60¢ per word
400,000 readers
#3 ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

_____
_____
_____
_____

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ULTIMATE SECRET OF ZEN. This hardcover volume captures "the sound of one hand clapping." Reverently open the book and behold . . . Nothing. A uniquely enlightening experience for those who "see." Gold title design imprinted on black. Stark white pages. No beginning. No ending. An unforgettable gift. $6.95. Marlco, Box 1104A, Cleveland, Mississippi 38732

"I LIKED YOUR POEMS so much I must thank you for sending them"—Jean Rhys. "WITHOUT CEREMONY" Sonnets by George Kauffman, $1, 2804 Cherry, Berkeley, California 94705

SERIOUS, SCHOLARLY USED BOOKS. Lists issued. SCHNEEMANN, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois 60637

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year $12.50, student $7.50)

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

CONCERNED ABOUT THE "HIDDEN MESSAGES" in children's books? The CIBC *Bulletin* analyzes - and suggests ways to combat - racism and sexism in trade and text books, school and other children's materials. Send 50¢ for sample issue or subscribe (8 issues annually): $10 for individuals, $15 for institutions, to CIBC, 1841 Broadway, New York, New York 10023.

THE SPOKESWOMAN. Serious monthly newsletter for women. National news on the issues - employment, education, politics, health care, legislation, court action - all covered from a feminist perspective. Also book reviews. Washington reports, professional job listings. Subscriptions: $12 ($20 by institutional check), New Republic Box 7750.

Literary Services

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Business Opportunities

CREATIVE FILMMAKER. Educator interested in filming aesthetic ideas with a humanistic approach. A film about yourself or your work will help sell your artistic project or idea. Cost plus nominal fee, Super 8 sound film, New Republic Box 7655.

Spare Time

MAKE $406,900 in 50 DAYS - rush stamp addressed envelope, VM Enterprises, 620 Maple, Holland, Michigan 49423

UNLIMITED HOME EARNINGS STUFFING ENVELOPES—Rush 25 cents and stamped addressed envelope to: F.J. Diehl, Box 934T, Bensenville, Illinois 60106

Property - Sale/Rent

OCEAN VIEWS IN ATLANTIC CANADA, 83 acres, Digby, Nova Scotia, utilities, provincial highway frontage plus interior road, $15,000. Terms. Steven Jaffe, 160 E. 89th St., New York City, 10028. (212) 831-7886

ATTRACTIVE HOUSING WANTED in/-near DC. Working man making transition from rural area. Trees, peace essential. Advise Box 11, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373

BERKSHIRES. 4 miles Tanglewood. 2½ hours Manhattan. 4½ acres, access rights to adjacent Williams River and small crystal clear lake. Panoramic view. Owner - 516-481-6298. Evenings.

Vacation/Travel

THREE OUTSTANDING "FAMILY OF MAN" TOURS in 1977. Planned with UNICEF. Enjoyable, memorable escorted visits to: ORIENT, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND and PACIFIC ISLANDS in March; RUSSIA and EASTERN EUROPE in June; WESTERN EUROPE in October. Each Group twenty adults. Write Harold Kuebler, Director. 639 Park, Huntington, New York 11743

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo beach house, 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 E. 78 Street, New York City 10021. (212) 879-8870

FIND CLASSICAL MUSIC, nation-wide. 750-station radio guide. *Library Journal:* "Heartily recommended for music-loving vacationers." $3.00 MUSICA, Box 1266 (rpc), Edison, New Jersey 08817.

EXCHANGE LUXURY APARTMENT CENTRAL ROME with maid during December for similar or villa in Florida or Caribbean. New Republic Box 7755.

SPEND THANKSGIVING ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND, South Carolina, in four bedroom beachfront house. Family of five desires to swap beach house for New York City apartment for Thanksgiving vacation. Thomas O. Lawton, Jr., Box 283, Allendale, South Carolina 29810

Gourmet/Cookery

DELICIOUS TEXAS CHOCOLATE CAKE - quick, easy recipe. $1.00. New Republic Box 7765.

ATTENTION FOOD COOPS - high protein Northern spring wheat. World's finest bread wheat. 10¢ pound in 50-lb. bags. John Wieland, Dazey, North Dakota 58429

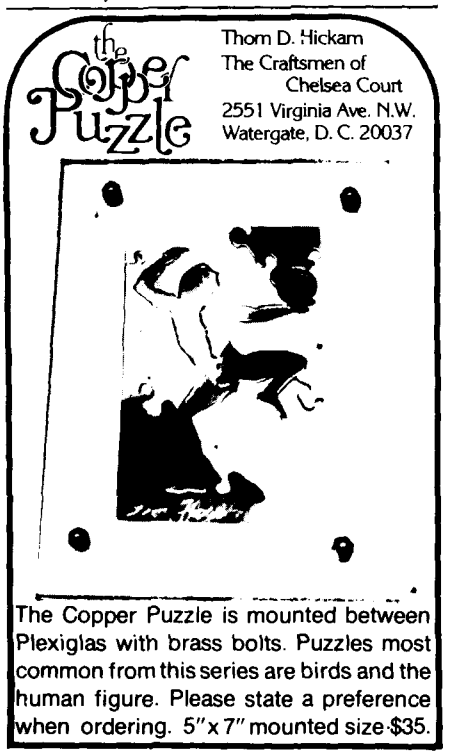
DELECTABLE CHILI PEPPER, Quiche Recipe - $1. New Republic Box 7735.

Records/Tapes

RARE RECORD/TAPE COLLECTOR'S DIRECTORY - over 100 annotated addresses for collectors. $4.95. Rare records. 550 E. Rustic Road, Santa Monica, California 90402

Arts & Crafts

ANTIQUE DOLLS AND GAMES WANTED. Please state condition, price. S.D.W., 189 Forts Ferry Road, Latham, New York 12110.



The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x 7" mounted size $35.

Music

MUSIC STAND made of solid cherry . . . Elegantly Styled and fully adjustable. $98.00 ppd. Early Music Stands, P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, California 94302.

PROTECT YOUR ALBUMS. White cardboard replacement jackets 35¢. Gray plastic lined inner sleeves 15¢. Postage $1.25. Record boxes and 78 sleeves available. CABCO TNR-2, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) ..... 60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year ..... 55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year ..... 50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year ..... 45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year ..... 40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The most complete and most scholarly dictionary of the English language"

—The Christian Science Monitor

As an introduction to membership in the

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

yours for only

$17.50

[Publisher's list price $95]

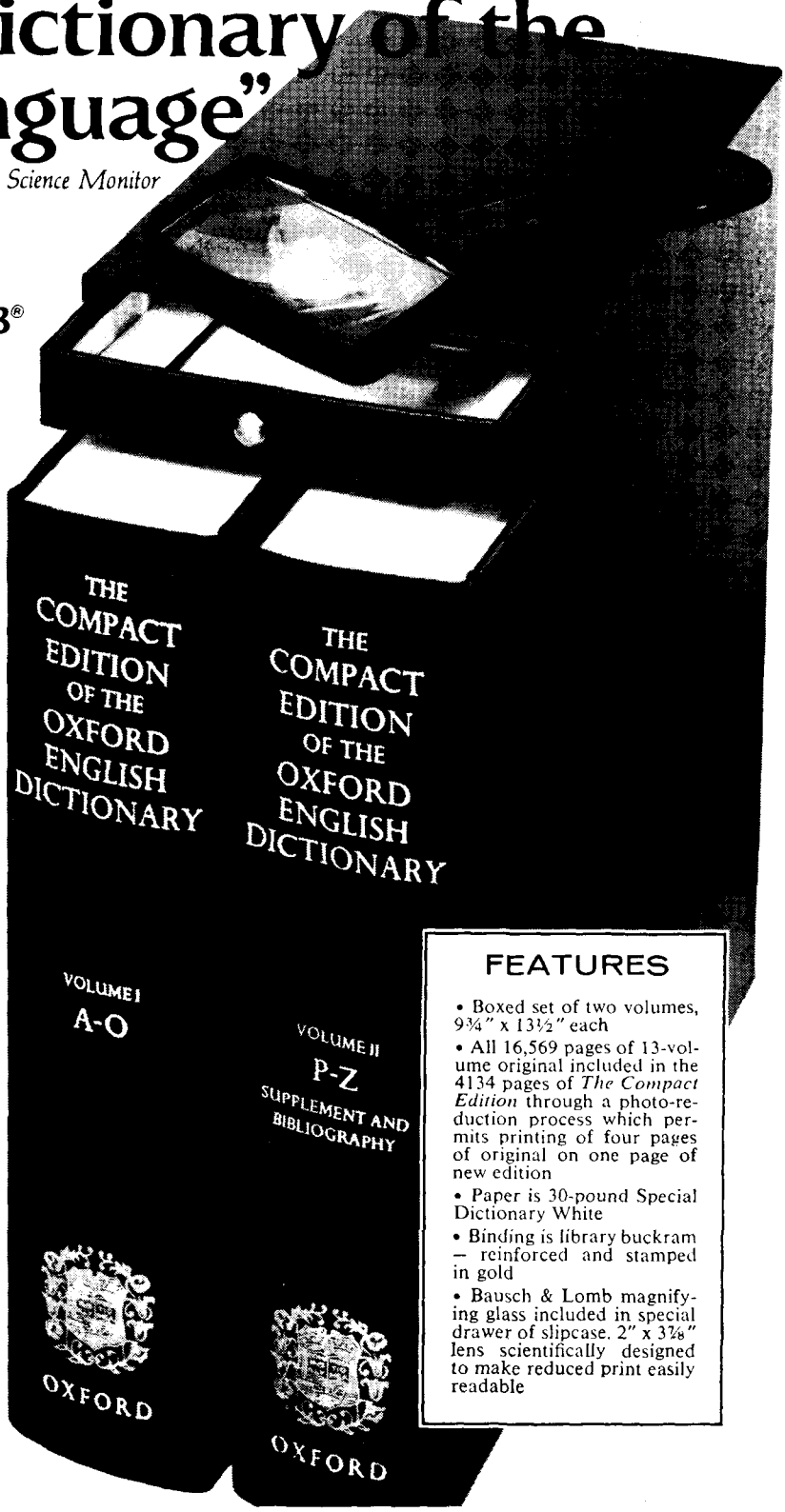
THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: *You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose*

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY is generally regarded as the final arbiter of the English language. Until recently, it has been available only as a thirteen-volume set, currently priced at $395. Now, through the combination of an ingenious method of micrographic reproduction and a fine Bausch & Lomb optical lens, every single one of its 16,569 pages, fifty million words and close to two million illustrative quotations appears, in easily readable form, in *The Compact Edition.*

> Book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of *The New York Times* has said of this edition: "It is something of a miracle.... *The Compact Edition* is easier to work with than the original with its 13 separate volumes."

Even more extraordinary, as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club you may obtain the two-volume set for only $17.50. And as long as you remain a member, you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News,*® a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, known as Alternates, most of which are available at substantial discounts—*up to* **40%** *on more expensive* volumes. All of these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.**

If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book-Dividend® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. These Credits entitle you to obtain a wide variety of books, called Book-Dividends, at astonishing savings—*at least 70% of publishers' list prices.*



FEATURES

- Boxed set of two volumes, 9¾" x 13½" each
- All 16,569 pages of 13-volume original included in the 4134 pages of *The Compact Edition* through a photo-reduction process which permits printing of four pages of original on one page of new edition
- Paper is 30-pound Special Dictionary White
- Binding is library buckram — reinforced and stamped in gold
- Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass included in special drawer of slipcase. 2" x 3⅛" lens scientifically designed to make reduced print easily readable

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 **6-A127-9-1**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary,* billing me $17.50 (in Canada $19—publisher's price $105). I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments. **53**

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....*Apt*.....

City.....

State.....*Zip*.....

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

- You will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News,* a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection—or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all—simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the *News,* you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
- All books distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED